THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXVII. NO. 53. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1899. Single Copies 5 Cents.

LIVING A LIE.

A Strange Freak of Fate---That Which the World Sees and Believes Is Not Always the Truth.

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Author of "Lured by Love." "Asleep in the Cab." Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

Her eyes were closed in death. The relentless foe of humanity had clutched her heart with an iron grip that did not relax until the divine spark had left the form of clay.

Lifeless but beautiful she lay, and by her side knelt the man who had all but worshiped her. He kissed the chilling lips, and in accents of frenzied grief implored her soul to return and reanimate the form he loved so well.

Leaning against the wall, not ten feet away, stood the doctor who had but a moment before announced her death to the agonized husband. His arms were complacently folded across his breast, and a sneering smile lurked about the corners of his mouth, as though he derived a certain pleasure from the sad scene before him.

The wail of a newly-born child broke in upon the husband's grief. Instinctively the babe clutched at the bosom that was cold and then the father noticed it for the first time.

"My God! doctor! what shall I do?" he asked.

"I should advise you to ring for some of your servants. Leave the body of your wife and the child to their care. Summon some of your relatives. I will send you an undertaker, and a nurse to care for the child," said Doctor Archer.

"There was a nurse here," ventured Banker Weldon.

"Yes; but she was not well and could stand the scene. I sent her away."

Mr. Weldon summoned the servants while Doctor Archer calmly proceeded to place his instruments in their case. When the maids appeared he gave them directions how to proceed until skilled professionals arrived, and then took his departure from the house of grief.

Doctor Archer and Frank Weldon had been rivals for the hand and heart of beautiful Grace Berwyn, but in the end the young banker won and soon led the fair girl to the altar. Doctor Archer seemed to harbor no resentment at his loss. He was even present at the wedding ceremony, and as he pressed Frank Weldon's hand, he said:

"It's all right, Frank; you have won a peerless bride. I loved her, but she was not for me. I hope you will always be happy."

From that time on the young doctor was a close friend of the newly-wedded pair, and when a physician was needed it followed, as a matter of course, that Doctor Archer was called in a professional capacity.

Ah, had they known of the never-dying hate, the eager desire for revenge that the physician kept hidden behind a smiling face, they would have cast from their bosoms the serpent they nutured there.

When Doctor Archer came to attend Mrs. Weldon in what proved to be her last illness, he had a premonition that he would have an opportunity to wreak his revenge. Just in what manner this chance would occur he did not know, but he came fully prepared, and brought with him a nurse who would obey him without question, whose scruples as to right and wrong were dominated by his simple request.

When twin boys were born to Mrs. Weldon Doctor Archer snatched one of them up, and wrapping it in a blanket, handed it to the nurse, saying:

"Take this child and go home quickly. Attend it carefully until you hear from me."

With eyes wide from surprise the nurse took the child and then stammered as she pointed to the bed:

"See, the woman is dying!"

"I know it. Hurry and get away before it is too late. Ask no questions as to my plans. I hardly know them myself. Go! I'll attend to Mrs. Weldon's wants."

The nurse turned from the scene of death and encountering no one in the halls, was soon upon the street hurrying toward her home.

As the nurse closed the door Doctor Archer turned to his patient, but she was past all human help. Stepping to the room where Mr. Weldon awaited, he quietly informed him that death was near.

But one ray of consciousness came to the banker's wife. As he gathered her to his breast she opened her eyes and gazed at him an instant.

"My husband," she murmured, and then all was o'er.

"You are mistaken lady," he said simply.

The nurse did not reach her home with the stolen child. As she was hurrying along, wondering what lay at the bottom of this hastily conceived plot, she was struck by a cab and knocked to the ground. A wheel ran over her head, crushing her skull, and the tipsy driver only turned in his seat to curse the still figure, and then lashed his horse to a gallop. Half an hour later a policeman on his rounds found the body of the woman with the living child clasped in stiffened arms, and then an ambulance took the former to the morgue, and the latter to the foundling's home.

No notice of the tragic death ever reached the newspapers, and Doctor Archer never knew her fate or what became of the child. His plan for revenge was spoiled, and he often wondered at the strange disappearance of the nurse; but the world never learned of his crime and he lived on, respected and honored by all.

Thus did the twin sons of Banker Weldon begin this life---one an inmate of the foundling's home, the other the petted and loved child of a wealthy man who never even imagined he had another son.

Bereft of his wife, whom he loved most dearly, Mr. Weldon gave to his son an affection that was near devotion. All that love could suggest and wealth could buy were laid at the youngster's feet. A widowed aunt of Mr. Weldon came to keep house for him and superintend the bringing up of George Weldon, as the boy had been named. She was a religious, kind-hearted old lady, and she took the boy to her heart as if he had been her own.

He grew to be a healthy, strong young man, like his father, and from his mother came grace and fine features. But he had some qualities that were not inherited from either father or mother. He had been the pampered, spoiled child of a rich man, and now as he merged into manhood he evinced a desire for wildness that appalled his father and aunt. There was no curbing his inclinations, and the crop of wild oats he sowed was so great that his friends feared the coming of the harvest.

He had been expelled from college several times, but wealth and fine promises always reinstated him. Then he wound up his school career by an act quite characteristic of himself, and at the same time he laid the foundation for his ultimate ruin.

One of the professors had a beautiful young daughter whose romantic nature was keen for the higher things of life. The attentions of the rich young man. A trace of waywardness in her character found

plenty of encouragement from her lover, and when one morning rumors were rife at the college of a wild performance the previous night, it was given support by the subsequent elopement of the pair, to avoid a meeting with the young woman's incensed father. Then succeeded a month of wild living in a far-off city, then ended only when the money was spent, and the pair had his father refused him more.

He came to Chicago when for the first time he was denied money, and then six days went by and overtures pressed him for settlement he became recalcitrant and asked for a reconciliation with his father. Then he came to Chicago, where up to his life he had been leading, forsake the girl he had led astray (the father would not believe him) and begin life anew (and adventures), come home and live a respectable, upright life.

"Needs must," when the devil drives," quoted George to Pearl like this when he found he must leave her. "But I assure you means to come to Chicago as soon as I can get it. When you come you must stay in the shadow of the church no more, but much longer. Once I get his money we will have a gay time till it is gone, and I must be good now and regain my old standing in his opinion, or he may die some day and cut me off with a shilling."

To all outward appearances George Weldon's explanation was satisfactory, but his conduct was such that his friends, one and all, extended to him a helping hand. His father died a few months after, and society took him up on probation. Clubs that had formerly blackballed him, as a member, and the world knew him as a young man who had sown his wild oats and gained a fortune by it.

A period of six months passed—a period of happiness for George, in that not unmixed with some misgivings had his son should fall by the wayside. But now he was satisfied that his reformation was full and complete, and only one thing remained to be done to make his cup of joy overflow—he wanted to see his son married, and he had the girl picked out for him.

"My son, I hope the happiness of the past six months can only be added to by your marriage."

"But father, I have not even thought of that," protested the young man, thinking of his wayward past. "I am sure you would receive the tidings of such a move."

"I am glad of that, for it argues that your heart is free. I have chosen for you—and she is a noble young woman, beautiful, cultured, and refined—to make your permanent playmate when you were children. I hope you will approve my choice, and the day you bring her home to me you will be put on an equal partner in the bank."

"I will try to earn your high regard as well as that lady for whom I called the young man, knowing he was uttering a lie. "Who is she?"

"Blanche Burton."

"Of all my acquaintances I esteem her most," replied the father.

"My prayers and best wishes are with you," said his father.

The Burtons lived in a palatial residence adjoining the Weldon home, and as Mr. Weldon had said, Blanche and George had been friends from early childhood. His years of wandering separated them, and after the separation, but when he returned home the avowed intent of reforming, she was one of the first to receive of the past could be forgotten.

She was a beautiful girl, and just as good as beautiful—a true christian spirit dominated her life; and its precepts, aided by the training of her parents, were reflected in the liquid depths of her blue eyes. Her heart was full of love for humanity, and when she met George she was engaged in making love to her he found it not a difficult task to gain a return of the passion of that love. He was half-hearted in his love-making, but she had never had a lover, and was unversed in how anyone could be so deceitful as to profess a love they did not feel, and not discern that she was being imposed upon.

Mr. Weldon kept a watchful eye upon the couple, and as soon as he thought the signs were right, he spoke to the subject of marriage, and as soon as he thought the signs were right, he spoke to the subject of Blanche's parents. They had no objection to offer, and Blanche was willing—what girl is not, when she is in love with a man she has chosen—and there was but one dissentient voice. George argued for a longer engagement. He wanted to prove that he was worthy of such a treasure, and when he had done so, then the reason was far different. His objection was swept aside and the family concurred in the wedding of the two months. Society was notified and the bride-to-be was happy, little dreaming of the marriage that was to take place.

The world did not know the double life George Weldon was living. The innocent girl who was making hurried preparations for their wedding little dreamed that he often left her side with the sweetness of her pure kiss on his lips and went to the arms of a girl he was going to pay all for him.

Yet it was so. A week or two after he had returned home he sent for her and fitted up apartments in a flat building for her use. She was willing to furnish because her liberty was in a measure restricted, but when George urged that it would not be for long she was content with it. He dared not tell her he was making love to Blanche Burton, and as he drew near his wedding day approaching with such seeming rapidity he went to her and told her all.

The anger of the beautiful, wayward girl was terrific; she vowed vengeance on all concerned, and George with difficulty restrained her from rushing forth to assassinate the man and woman who were trying to separate them. When she was quieted they discussed ways and means; how to attain their ends without complying with the demands made upon the young man.

Pearl urged that they should kill Blanche Weldon, but bad as he was, George shrank from such a terrible deed. He suggested that they secure a large amount of his father's money and disappear, and in the end his father would forgive and suffer.

The next day the world was startled to hear that George Weldon had forged his father's name for $50,000 and left for parts unknown. He had forged the check, given it to a trusted clerk to cash at a neighboring bank, with the explanation that the money was needed to meet an unexpected money draft, and the clerk had returned as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up.

Society wagged its head and said it might have known; his name was scratched from the membership list of the clubs, and Blanche Burton knew for the first time what sorrow was. She loved him, she believed in him, and no one could shake the belief in his innocence, not even his father, who paid the check and turned his picture to the wall.

The affair caused the usual nine day's sensation, but society soon found a new topic to talk about it, when fresh interest was caused by a signed confession being made by the clerk who has cashed the check. The man stated in his confession that George Weldon had no part in it, that he had done it all himself, and had arranged it so suspicion would fall on George. The man committed suicide a week after writing his confession.

Newspapers and public made much over the astute detective who had thus ferreted out the real criminal and cleared the name and fame of George Weldon, but he had not thus credit was given where it was not due, for the detective's confession was one that was not aware of it. No one knew the poor clerk, who had suicided after making the confession, but society and the world felt that the detective had hounded an innocent man into his grave, and many were the regrets less would have confessed to any crime suggested to him; the detective did not know it himself, but he had been the means of aiding to make a reputation; he substantiated his theory and was given the credit due to a detective at the cost of a good character and a human life. But what matters it—a song as to one less than a dog's whistle to a man.

Blanche Burton was one when she read the confession. Her confidence was vindicated and loving him so fondly, so devotedly, her joy at seeing her choice so lauded for her lover who was expected every day.

But days became weeks; weeks became months, and at last the months were so many that one said years, and still he came not.

CHAPTER II.

George Weldon's twin brother had anything but an auspicious start in life. He was in charge of a foundling hospital, Kingsling's home within two hours after his birth. Before he was six months old he was adopted by a childless couple who soon afterward left Chicago for a small western town, where they took up an eventful lives and reared the boy in a home that was as good as their meager circumstances would permit. They were christian people, and they loved the boy as much as if he had been born to them of their own flesh and blood. He grew to be a sturdy, well-dispositioned lad; cheerful, honest and affectionate. They called him George, and as he was never told the secret of his birth he grew to manhood known by the surname of his supposed parents. George Smith he thought was his name, and as the years passed by he grew to be a prudently died within a few weeks of each other, and George Smith, who by this time he had no cause to suspect that in the great city of Chicago resided his true father, a man of wealth and social prominence.

George had received a good common school education and was attending a small western college when he was called home to the funeral of his foster parents. There was no money laid by for the provision of his education, and he resolved to forego his college studies and go to work. He was twenty, well-educated, and able to take care of himself anywhere. In his search for work he drifted to Chicago, the nearest large city, and it was not long before he was not the busy existence he had always found it. Work did not go seeking the workman, and it was only after he had made himself drawing a regular salary as a bookkeeper for a large wholesale concern. His experiences were the same as those encountered by many another deserving young man, and he struggled on, fairly well and profident, but all this availed him nothing save the good wishes of his employers when he was let out with a dozen others because of dull times. For four years he labored for his daily bread, seeking light for existence, and in the end he found himself out of a situation, yet with a testimonial in his pocket that any man in he had worked for.

Confident that securing work he had run in debt for board until now the landlady had refused him further credit, and she held his wardrobe as security for what pay she ever expected to receive. Discouragement was beginning to settle upon him without a home, without a cent, and he wondered where he could go to alleviate his unenviable condition.

With unerring precision the hand of fate directed his footsteps as he walked along, unheeding where he was going. Soon he had left the neighborhood where he had lived for two years behind him, and with feet were pressing the pavements that stretched along one of the most aristocratic thoroughfares in the city of Chicago.

A young scion of wealth emerged from the door of a handsome residence, and descended the pavement just ahead of him to enter a handsome drag that stood awaiting his pleasure. With a feeling of bitterness George contrasted their positions in life. How he envied the young man and his surroundings. He longed to be transported, fairy-like, into that life and bid an eternal farewell to the misery, and hand-to-mouth existence that had been his lot.

He did not notice the faces that peered at him from the windows as he passed, and he did not have the slightest idea that his appearance in that neighborhood was creating a commotion. He did not see the prolonged stare of a pretty girl whom he passed as she stood on the steps of an adjoining mansion, but he did hear, he heard someone call, "George!" He turned in the direction whence came the voice, but seeing no one, he passed on, and he thought the sound was a fancy of his brain, and started on his way.

"George!" came the voice again, distinct enough this time and with a pleading accent that brought the young man to an abrupt halt.

"Well?" he answered, and as he turned the young woman was at his side, her hand on his arm, and a wistful, yearning face looked up at him, but there was a gentle, mingled reproach in the glance.

"You are mistaken, lady," he said, simply.

"No, George, I am not; how can you say so? Why, George, you have been away long? Oh, how could you leave me at all" and tears filled the lovely blue eyes of Blanche Burton.

"She is demented," he thought. "Some poor girl who has lost her mind, I suppose." Then aloud, he said: "My name is George Smith; surely I am not the one you seek."

"Not my! she cried, her voice trembling longer. You need not fear to own your name, George, I know, and not to have heard that the clerk confessed to the forgery? You are innocent of any wrongful act, and you have nothing to fear on that return; besides I never for an instant believed you guilty."

"Your talk is all a riddle to me; I know nothing of it and repeat that you are mistaken in the person you seek." He turned away rapidly and started to go, but she threw both her arms about his neck and clung to him desperately.

"You shall never leave me again," she said, "and the world knows you are innocent, and you must come back to your rightful position."

For a moment George thought he was in the grasp of a mad person and later he began to think that he was in a dream, for he found himself the center of an excited group of well-dressed people who shook his hand and congratulated him. The mansion fronting the scene were filled with people, and the girl, who was a tall, very fair-haired man, who bore traces of grief upon his noble face, came toward the group. The young girl who had called him by name folded George in his arms, and called him his son. The man, who had appeared and greeted George, still dazed by the strange happenings, found himself being led into the magnificent mansion, and there in the hall, the young lady had been standing. The man who had called him son was on his right and the young lady on his other arm. Behind them came a man and woman who were evidently the servants. Wonderful! It was a strange predicament and George wondered how he was going to extricate himself.

At last they were inside the house and in a grand reception room, more gorgeous and magnificent that the young man could think of naught but the fairy tales of his youth. He was dazed, bewildered, and without consciousness in store for all, and during this time George collected his wits and for explanation he must make to set them right. It was clear that he was taken for someone else, someone to whom he must bear a striking resemblance.

"Friends," he said, at last breaking his silence, "you are making a tremendous mistake. Is it evident that I bear a close likeness to some one you know, but I have never saw any of you before. I do not know the name of the person you think I am, but I am not he." The young man had attempted to interrupt him, "my name is George Smith. I am a humble orphan boy, and was born in a country town near here. For the past four years I have worked in the city of Chicago, and I have no other people to substantiate my statements. I am sorry you have been deceived, for I love my double very dearly. His lot is certainly enviable. I only regret that I am not he, that I may claim you, your home and leave you."

He started to quit the room, but again Blanche Burton clasped her arms about his neck, and the man who claimed to be his father protested. He was against the door.

"No," he said, "you cannot go. Injustice enough has been done you. Fearing arrest for a crime you did not commit you were driven from home, and for seven years so far you did not hear of your vindication. For four years you have been a wanderer, and the world's injustice to your young, proud wife has brought you back for a time, but you will remain with us now. I am glad you was caught while taking that hurried look. We will never allow you to leave us again. You will henceforth take your place at the bank in open, your sweetheart, Blanche Burton, will be your wife, doubted you, her love never faltered and her reply was always, 'he will return to me.' Now, my son, you will make amends for a hasty judgment; your associates will answer you; wealth is at your command; but, best of all—love, true and everlasting, entreats you to stay. If some one has wronged you, the world knows your innocence and will receive you with open arms."

"Let us leave them together," said Mrs. Burton, and as the others withdrew Blanche led him to a chair and when he had seated himself she knelt at his side and stroll by his knee.

"It's just as we used to sit," she exclaimed. "Oh, George, why do you want to go away again?" and she buried her face in her hands in an outburst of grief.

"Yes, why?" George asked himself the question, and like a flash came the answer—because the other fellow might come back!"

For some time he debated the matter. Here was wealth, honor, position in life, and love thrust upon him. He had but to accept. On the other hand was want, and as matters looked just now, perhaps starvation. It was a severe temptation to submit to a man to no matter how honorable he might be. Every prompting of his conscience was stilled by the alluring prospect opened before him. 'Twas worth any risk just to win the love of the beautiful girl at his side, thought George, for she had made a deep impression upon his heart. Then there arose against the move was "the other fellow" and even if the real George did return she would not forsake him. The prize was so great and the risk so small that he gave himself over to the winning, and when Blanche glanced up into his face, she was pictured in his smile she glad answer she sought and with a joyful cry she nestled close to his breast.

It was a happy group that gathered around the Burtons' dinner table when George was introduced to them for the second time later on, it was with the kiss of his first love upon his lips.

"Your room is just as you left it," said his father, as they parted at the landing and he went to his room for the night. "I have spent most of the night rummaging among your papers and letters of his predecessor to learn who and what he was in his new position in life.

The room in which he found himself was most peculiar. Everything and anything was there. The acquaintances of George Weldon spoke to him upon the street and intimate friends called upon him at his home, necessitating finding himself in embarrassing situations.

In order to clear himself from any suspicion that might arise he decided upon taking a peculiar stand. To a group of friends at the clubs he explained:

"People charge me with being very peculiar. Mebbe I am. Had any of you gone through my experiences you would be years you would find cause for being peculiar. Take, for instance, the present day I began a new life. I want no one to be my friend or enemy on account of the past. Therefore I will not receive the old friends and acquaintances of the future will be none the less. I have met since that day."

From that time on he was understood, but the companions of George Weldon's dark days would receive no welcome. He seldom went to the theater and never with the crowd; never in the boxes. He dined and dined the actresses after the show. He was a pleasant companion and an interesting conversationalist, but he never touched, dealt with matters of the present or future. His reminiscences at times was touched he suddenly grew silent and reflective.

As the bank he was soon recognized as a man of fine business qualities, in marked contrast to the shiftless George Weldon had made four years before. The affection and confidence of the old banker was indeed great.

George was at his best when in company with Blanche Burton. The difference between the affection of his old and new lover was soon noticed by the charming girl, and she questioned it one day.

"I did not appreciate you at your true worth then," he said, and she was content with the answer. She had never known her own love for the man who truly loved her. She had been a child-love, and between them the past was a closed book to be glanced at just occasionally to see how far they had progressed in the pages written therein. Their real joy had dated from the day of their return, and George and her lover was glad she was so ready to forgive the past and live for the future.

The day that reached the subject of the marriage that was broken off and this time there was no delay. Everyone was happy at the blissful consummation.

And as George folded the loving wife to his bosom he thought, "If he ever comes and tries to take from me my wife and position I will murder him," and he shut out the earth eternity of perdition to live my earthly days in peace in her arms by my side.

The conclusion and solution of this remarkable story will appear in next week's Ledger. Look for it. The name of the author appears on page thirteen.

Good Nose for News.

"Henry," whispered the maiden, in some embarrassment, as she met him in the hallway, where the young and handsome reporter was preparing to say good night, "it is dreadful of me, I know, but I've been eating onions."

"Indeed, Fannie," he exclaimed. "You don't think that's a scoop on me, do you? I knew that as soon as I came in."

The Birth of a Fear.

Tourist—What do you consider the best thing to drink after whisky, Colonel?

Colonel (anxiously)—Is the whisky supply in danger of being exhausted, sah?

The Minding.

Mrs. Henpecke—A husband and wife should be of one mind.

Mr. Henpecke—Yes, and it isn't hard to tell who's going to do the minding.

THE GEM OF THE TRANSVAAL;

Or, For Love of a Boer Maiden.

By CAPTAIN ROBERT MAYNARD.

Begun in No. 46, November 11. Subscriptions can begin with that date, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT LADYSMITH.

"Hold on, Dick, what in the name o' the d—l an' old Tom Walker, are you doin'?" cried Elmer Davis, suddenly seizing his horse rein and turning his head from the hill.

"Let go, Elmer! Let go!"

"You're a fool, Dick."

"She's up there!"

"Yes, and by thunder, they are up there!" "I'll save her or die!"

"The prospects for dyin' up there are very bright, but you shall not go!"

"They have captured our field hospital!"

"But they won't bother the nurses. Do you think the English are savages? Come now, and have a little sense and let's get out of this. We'll have all our ground back in a few hours."

By persuasion and coaxing he finally induced the distracted lover to join in the retreat and they soon overtook the great mass of retreating Boers.

A mile further on they learned that the hospital corps, with all the wounded, had been carried away before the arrival of the British, and the lover then hastened forward to learn if Eloise was safe.

He did not find her until the retreat had ended, and all were gone into camp.

She was bending over a litter on which lay a young Boer who was dangerously wounded.

"Eloise," he whispered, "heaven be praised that I have found you!"

"Richard, this is horrible! God pity the poor men who suffer. Were you wounded?"

"Not a scratch."

"And your American friend?"

"Is unharmed."

"Heaven be praised!" she cried, clasping her hands over her heart. "I have specially prayed that you might be spared, for it was I who brought this danger upon you."

"I would be miserable were I not here to defend you," declared Dick.

At this moment a bugle call sounded and he hastened back to his post of duty. The Boers quickly reorganized their broken lines and with the wild shout of "Home and family," the rushed at the advancing enemy and drove them back.

The English forces soon found themselves compelled to abandon Elandslaagte, Dundee and other points, and fall back on Ladysmith.

The Boers now began to invest Ladysmith. General White found his forces completely hemmed in, and the uprising of the whole country against him soon filled him with alarm.

He had a trained and brave army of twelve thousand veterans, and he was with no little chagrin that he saw them outmatched by the Dutch farmers.

But those farmers were equal to the best soldiers in the world. Their hearts were wholly in the conflict. Their battle cry was "Home and family," the most inspiring ever uttered. They were inured to the hardships and every one was a skilled marksman.

Against such a foe, discipline and military tactics availed comparatively little.

The large forty-pounders were brought from Pretoria and mounted on heavy cars of the British camp. Then the bombardment commenced, and lasted one whole day.

In the afternoon it became evident that the British were massing their forces for an advance and General Joubert prepared a second trap for them.

"I say, Dick, it looks as if we were going to have more warm work at close quarters," said Elmer Davis, when he saw the enemy forming.

"Here they come!"

"There goes our heavy guns!"

"How in thunder do the Boers handle their big guns so easy?"

"I account for it!"

"Here comes a shell! Bomb, bomb! See how it bounces; wonder what that thing would hurt a fellow if he tried to stop it?"

"Better not try."

"It's rushing this way; maybe it will explode."

"I think not. If it is a fuse shell no doubt it has burnt out."

The shell, after tearing up the sod in patches, rolled off to one side, a harmless ball of iron.

"There comes another!"

"See, it strikes!"

"Boom!"

"How it tears up the ground!"

"But it fell short and did no harm."

The bugles all along the Boer lines were sounding, men were grasping their rifles and dropping into line.

The artillery began to roar, mowing down the advancing line. But as fast as one rank was reduced others took its place and the British, with the coolness and courage which is characteristic of the nation, continued to advance.

"By George, this is not the most healthy place in the world to be in just now," Elmer declared. "We are having some trouble here!"

The Boers were making a stubborn fight, and the British columns reeled more than once as they advanced upon their works.

The British officers were recruiting under the heavy fire, began to rally and came on with an ever-mastering rush.

The Boers in turn gave way.

"Back, Dick, it's the same old tactics!" declared Elmer, as he unsheathed his horse about and once more they were on the retreat.

The English, no doubt, profiting by the lesson they had learned before, advanced with more caution.

Two of the best regiments, however, dashed forward into the thickest of the fray and actually made their way through the Boer line, scattering them right and left.

With shouts and yells of victory they pressed on, over the foot hills into the country, heedless of darkness and the danger that menaced them.

They had ammunition wagons and a battery with them.

Darkness came on them before their commander seemed to realize they were in a dangerous position with mountains on either side. Suddenly there came a strange, rumbling, roaring sound from the steep hill sides, which seemed to shake the earth.

Crashing, rolling, cracking, thundering, it seemed as if Titons were hurling the great mountain bowlders upon the doomed army.

They fired into the darkness, but nothing could withstand those rolling, crushing rocks. Men were borne down by them, and one bounding against an ammunition wagon gave it such a jar as to stampede the mules. The stampede became infectious and the whole battery swung, and commanding train took fright and fled in the darkness.

Away they went pellmell in the direction of the Boers, and all the commanders could do, could not stop them. On, on, and on they flew.

The officers, finding themselves cut off and surrounded by the enemy, held a short council of war.

Retreat was impracticable at that hour of night, so they remained in the pass until daylight and then started across the country toward Ladysmith.

Their first move was the signal for an attack by the concealed enemy. Every bush, stone, tree, and hillock, became a continual cloud of fire from which rose the bullets flew, decimating their ranks and discouraging the English.

A hill was reached and here they found themselves surrounded. Bravely they fought; but they were overwhelmed and at last forced to surrender.

Dick, equipped English perfectly, went forward with the Boer colonel to receive the surrender. As the officers came forward in review one of them suddenly fixed his eyes on Dick, and said:

"Mr. Turner!"

"Captain Knowles," said Dick. "Captain Knowles, my good friend!"

His legged horse sprang and in a moment the two friends were clasped in each other's arms.

"Oh, captain, that we should meet under such circumstances."

"If I am to be a prisoner, Mr. Turner, I am glad to have such a generous captor. You saved my life once."

"And your own captivity shall be made as pleasant as possible."

"I shall have no fears on that score, my friend."

"You will find the Boers very humane."

"I doubt not, for I have had evidence of their bravery, and when men are brave they are always kind."

Dick asked a special favor the privilege of a few moments with Captain Lawrence Knowles.

They mounted their horses and rode to the rear of the Boer commander.

Dick went to ask Tom Turner, about the young lady, Miss Eloise, where is she?"

"A long way off."

"And an excellent one she will make, I can vouch for that. I had the misfortune of her skill to know. I was wounded by the lion. I feared for her."

"Why?"

"You know Jack Rhodes?"

"To my sorrow."

"Yes, I remember it was he who fixed the charge upon you for purloining the diamonds."

"Yes, I knew it was he."

"He was determined by fair means or foul to carry off Miss Boer maiden, and I greatly feared, and greatly fear yet, that he will do her some damage."

"He can not."

"Why?"

"He is a prisoner."

"What! A prisoner? Surely that unscrupulous scoundrel was not brave enough to volunteer."

"No; he did not volunteer, but with a troop of Australians was captured, upon whom he could bribe, he seized the wagon train of Dietrich Boer, and the whole family, including Miss Eloise herself. They were trying to get to Kimberley, but being headed off, came in the direction of Glencoe when a party of Boers, among whom was myself and Tom Walker, were sent after the train, and made Jack Rhodes and his minions prisoners."

The officer bowed his head for a moment in deep thought, and then said:

"I am glad of it."

"I know you are, captain. You are a brave officer serving your country; but between us in the British army does not require you to shield a rascal."

"No, no; nor will the banner of the queen shield one either."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INVESTMENT.

The investment of Ladysmith, the fall of Colenso, siege of Mafeking and Kimberley have been watched with the deepest British fought with maddened desperation, the Boers with the determination of people defending their homes. Every battle and skirmish at this writing making a fight that has won the admiration of the whole world, even the enemy's. But the war has not ended. It is not our intention to tell of the war, for we cannot.

There are some noble souls in that awful conflict whose fortunes we have followed, and whose interests we have at heart, and to those we will direct our attention now.

War, cannon, bullets and storm ought not crush the spirit of cupid. That little god is everywhere. No danger deters him, no scene daunts him, seems earthy his subjects in the face, he seems most active.

While the shells were flailing thick and fast about Ladysmith, after the post was closely invested, our American friends found a great deal of leisure on their hands.

One day Elmer came to Dick with his face all aglow with happiness and said:

"Dick, I have the best news in the world."

"What is it—peace?"

"No, better than that."

"I do not know what could be better."

"I do: my Joan has joined the corps of hospital nurses that arrived last night. She had heard I was here and asked to be sent to the front. She came last night, and I learned of her arrival just as I turned in. Then, gee-whoop! didn't I turn out? Why, in less time than you could say neat half a dozen times, I was at her side. Well, we neither of us slept much last night. Now, Dick, I don't want to say one word against your girl. I'll admit she is a daisy and all that, but you must not find fault and challenge me to mortal combat if I should swear that Joan is the prettiest, sweetest little creature in the whole world."

"We will not quarrel on that subject, Elmer."

"Now, Dick, I have been thinking. You may consider that a remarkable psychological phenomenon in me, but I have."

"What have you been thinking about?" Dick asked.

"Here are two girls in an army of men, exposed to all manner of dangers. If ever they needed protectors they need them now. They have come to the front from two ends of the noblest causes known to the world, humanity and patriotism. These two girls, exposed to every danger and inhabit, form a pair of lovers who would die for them, but a lover cannot give the same protection that a husband can. Now, it seems to me the bounden duty of those two lovers who love those two girls, that they make those two girls their two wives. A husband is a much better protector than a lover can be. I have given the matter my most serious thought. I have gone away down here deep into my brain, and strange as it may seem to you, I have got a brain. I have thought it all over, and, by George, it seems to me right to do it."

Dick's face was very serious. He had been thinking along the same line himself. After a prolonged silence, he asked:

"I wonder if the girls would consent?"

"Well, of course, I could not say yes to what I cannot positively know, because these is nothing certain but death, and taxes in this country. I am just a little mite sporty, and I'll bet my woolly dog, that served me such good purpose in the diamond robbery, if the matter is presented to them in the right light, they will accept."

"Elmer, have the girls met? Do they know each other?"

"Met? Yes, and they are as chummy as two schoolboys."

"Let us leave it to them."

"It's a good idea."

"We can find them together this afternoon."

"Yes, they will be off duty, and then we can go and talk with them."

An hour was set and at the appointed time the lovers repaired to the tent where their sweethearts were awaiting them. Dick was introduced to the pretty Boer girl, Joan, and after a few moments, Elmer broke in in his abrupt way:

"Well, girls, we've just been a thinking and talking matters over for awhile and we concluded we would do a whole thing before you. You are two girls in this hospital, engaged in the noblest calling known to woman, relieving suffering. Now, let us consider your danger. We love you, you love us, you have promised to become our wives at some time. You need protectors. Lovers can never be such good protectors as husbands. Now, what is to hinder us from getting married at once. There is no need of delay. We have already decided that let the best thing, but we will leave it to you. Now, we are going to give you until six o'clock this evening to make up your minds and then we are coming for your answer."

The two girls went to consider the matter, and at the appointed hour returned.

"Well, what decision have you arrived at?" Dick asked.

"We will be married in an hour," declared Elmer. He and Dick went to find the chaplain of the regiment, also to attire themselves in their brightest, newest uniforms for the ceremonial.

A few special friends, among whom was Hans, were invited to be in attendance.

The distant thunder of artillery was shaking the earth as the four stood up, before the chaplain, and he pronounced the woman who was to be his wife. Then, in a deep voice, Elmer the chaplain proceeded with the ceremony, his voice often hushed by the deep thunder of the distant guns.

The ceremony was concluded, and they each had scarce time to receive congratulations of friends, when there came a blast of a bugle.

"To horse, Dick! There's the saddle call!" And each kissed his young bride and hurried to the conflict.

(The end.)

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Awful Thought.

The hay fever victim shuddered. "Got another cold?" his wife asked.

"No," he answered, "I just happened to think of what I might be suffering if I were an elephant."

At the Football Game.

Clancy—Ah, but it's a foine game, ye see. Don't it put yez in mind of Donnybrook fair?

Casey—It do thot same, Clancy! But phwy don't the byes use the blackthorn?

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

The Story of a Minister Who Fell---The Tangle of Destiny---What a Sin Brought.

By ELLEN PRIZELL WYCKOFF.

(Copyrighted, 1899.)

This story was begun in No. 52, December 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured at news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is terrible, Ted, terrible! To think that she was decorating the dear old church for her own funeral! Poor, sweet Dorothy! And she had been awake thinking of us all only a little while before! I saw the bundles, neatly tied and addressed, the ink hardly dry on the pen and she dead! And Miss Althea's carving-knife, of all things! The one Dorothy gave her with a new carving set only last Christmas."

"Yes, little girl, it is a sad affair, but don't you bother so, else I shall have a patient here at home, and while they are

THE GOLDEN SAND OF CAPE NOME.

The Latest and Richest Gold Diggings in Alaska. Easily Reached. In American Territory. No Restrictions on American Miners. Full Description in Illustrated Special to the Chicago Ledger.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 21.—Reports are daily being received which fully confirm the first news of the discovery of marvelously rich placer diggings at Cape Nome, Alaska, a short distance northwest of the mouth of the Yukon river. The steamship "Roanoke" of the North American Transportation and Trading Co.'s Line, arrived at Seattle a few days ago, bringing a number of returning miners from Cape Nome and a large quantity of the precious dust.

Mr. Geo. R. Williams of Milwaukee, Wis., was a passenger and was seen by a reporter at the city office of the Great Northern Railway. He talked interestingly of these new and wonderful gold fields. Asked for a brief description of the new diggings, Mr. Williams said:—"Cape Nome is situated about 100 miles northwest of St. Michael's Island. Nome City is at the mouth of the Snake river, two miles north of the Cape. In May 1899, the first gold was taken out of the district. Five men in a day washed out $10,000 in coarse gold and nuggets from a point on Anvil Creek, near its junction with the Snake river, and a mile from the sea beach. Immediately that the discovery became known, there was a rush to the new placers. Miners from Dawson and the Klondike came down the Yukon in large numbers, and others were sent from Seattle, and by August, 1899, there were 5,000 people at Nome City. In a few months four million dollars in gold was washed out. One man is credited with one million dollars as his individual share.

"The most wonderful and remarkable thing about the Cape Nome district is the gold bearing beach. For 40 miles along the seashore the sand is rich almost beyond belief. At a depth of a foot and a half coarse gold prospects fairly well, and at two feet pay streak is reached averaging 30 cts. to the pan. At a depth of 2 feet a "ruby sand" is reached. This is a dark, coarse sand and is filled with loose particles of gold, visible to the naked eye and running in value from $12.00 to $15.00 to the pan.

"The beach being government property, cannot be owned by any individual. Any person who can find room to put his "rocker" down is at liberty to do so. Hundreds of claims are being worked all along the beach and there is room for thousands more.

"There are also good prospects on Snake river, 20 miles long, and Nome and Cape rivers, all easily accessible from Nome City. Numerous creeks run into all these rivers. The diggings on all these streams are shallow, bed rock being found at a depth of from four to ten feet. Prospecting is not difficult, the chief drawback being the shortness of the season and the scarcity of wood. Driftwood is largely used for fuel, and vessels are already on the way to Nome City from Seattle loaded with coal.

"Steamers run direct from Seattle to Nome City, ten days being required for the trip.

"The best time to go to Cape Nome is early in the spring. Steamers will leave Seattle at early dates, and hundreds of reservations have already been made.

"First class rates from Seattle to Nome City, I think will be about $100.00; second class, $80.00. Freight rates will average $40.00 per ton."

first-rate outside we don't want any here. Do we? Now, you just sing to the baby and try to be happy."

"What a goose you are, Ted, for all your learning and wisdom. If there is a happy woman in Ocean Cove—why, then, I'm ashamed of her! I'm not a child. Tell me, how is Miss Althea? The people are saying all sorts of things—Susan, poor thing, reports them, you know."

"She is ill, half delirious, and tormented by frightful fancies," the doctor said.

He plump little wife leaned forward, the roses faded from her round cheeks, the big, babyish eyes full of fear. "Are they—fancies, Ted?" she whispered.

He looked up quickly.

"I don't know, Kitty. She never loved the child, but— It is very curious how little of people we really know."

"Not of Miss Althea," she said. "Why, she is a clam, Ted, a close-shut clam. I always knew that we saw no farther than the shell. Once I tried to dig into and serene mountain that all at once burst into a raging, foaming ocean. She may be like that. The evil spirit that is in her tore her apart at last."

"Then she must have been possessed of the entire seven, little woman. But, there is evidence against the other woman—the Mrs. Weldon, who came to see Mr. Strong in his study. The ring found in the Rectory grounds is hers. She owns it. How did it come there? The young man, Melton, who seems to have followed the actress down from the city, told one of his friends last night that the girl had refused him and made the usual threats against the 'other fellow.' He went home with her, and afterward, two hours afterwards, he and the actress went back to town on the train. I am sure I don't know who is guilty. There were several strangers at the inn last night. The club supper, you know, brought people out."

"It lays among the three. I have met Mr. Melton—he loved her. Then how could he have done the awful deed. And the weapon—don't you know how naturally a woman turns to the familiar articles about the house for doing anything? Easy, she would have been provided with a knife or something made for the purpose. They never think of makeshifts. She would have coolly planned it all; men reason so clearly. But a woman—why, a woman has cold impulse to guide her and so she rushes about doing unheard of things and using whatever is nearest to her, regardless of what things are made for. Isn't that so?"

"What a detective you would have made. But are you not disproving your own theory and showing how a woman can reason?"

"That's only thinking things out. Any sensible woman can do that. I wish I could go with you to see Miss Althea. I wonder I could find out something. Won't you try to arouse her?"

"Perhaps; only perhaps. I don't want to be losing you as I shall if the world finds what a female Sherlock Holmes you are. Sing to the baby and be happy. Poor Miss Althea missed all that, but then she didn't care."

"Not care? Oh, Ted, how little you know, after all. Every woman cares for a man's true love, for, a pair of strong arms to shield her, a heart to rest upon, and then a clear head to guide her. We need it, especially the worshipping, Ted, and she missed it."

Doctor Howard closed the door and went swiftly up the beach, and his wife stood watching after him.

"I don't like being shut out in this way. They are so stupid, those men. People always are when they are so sure of knowing. Ah, there are two of the strangers now. They have gotten to the city after one of the club suppers. I wonder why they are staying?"

She went away from the window and began to rearrange the smaller articles in the room.

The two men, who had met farther up the beach, walked slowly along, the white-tipped waves breaking at their feet.

One of the men was fair of face with broad shoulders and a tall, slender form over which clustered heavy rings of yellow hair. He held his hat in his hand and the wind tossed his curls across his forehead in boyish fashion. His face was clean-shaven and there was a jolly, schoolboy look about it, in spite of the square, firm chin and jaw. The eyes were blue, heavy-lidded and lazy. All his movements were slow, his good humored smile perpetual.

His companion was taller. A spare, graceful figure and a fine, thin, dark face. He was older, too, and his somber dark eyes were unsmiling. A heavy, square-cut mustache as white as snow hid the mouth and gave the bronzed face a peculiar look under the rim of short-cut, gray hair.

"I fancied that two might be better company than one," the fair man said. "You don't agree with me, old boy?"

The dark man turned and regarded him coldly. "Hardly, sir, when the two are entire strangers," he said, bowing coldly.

"But that's easily cured," the fair man persisted, hurrying a little to keep alongside. "Now, in my profession there are no strangers. That's the difference. My name is Bryson, Donald Bryson, and I am a detective sent out to look into this sad affair. What I saw you suspected that you were scenting the same game. Mightn't we as well work together, pard?"

"You were mistaken," the elder man said, stiffly, taking a bit of cardboard from an elegant case, and handing it to the genial detective. "I came out for the club supper and was left."

"Oliver Judson," read Mr. Bryson. "Glad to make your acquaintance, sir. Excuse me following you up before the formalities of an introduction had been solemnized, will you? And now we can enjoy the walk and the stiff breeze. Lovely day, sir."

"Very fine," agreed Mr. Judson.

"Queer place for a thing of this sort to happen, Mr. Judson, to be sent to sleep in the cove and you are wholly disinterested, so I don't mind telling you that the evidence against the preacher's sister is very strong. I wish I knew some intimate friend of hers, you see, a motive, you know. That's a disadvantage, not knowing what has gone before. You appreciate that?"

"Perhaps I should if the matter was of interest to me, Bryson."

"It is so in most cases. I have been baffled and puzzled a lot of times and finally stumbled on the truth. Now, between the cove and you are wholly disinterested, so I don't mind telling you that the evidence against the preacher's sister is very strong. I wish I knew some intimate friend of hers, you see, a motive, you know. That's a disadvantage, not knowing what has gone before. You appreciate that?"

"Perhaps I should if the matter was of interest to me, Bryson."

"It is so in most cases. I have been baffled and puzzled a lot of times and finally stumbled on the truth. Now, between us, just for want of the first chapter, the inner book, you know—"

"Have you succeeded often?" There was a carefully perceptible sneer in the man's voice.

"Well, sir, my head isn't giddy yet."

"I thought not."

"What is your theory, sir, if I may ask? Of course you have heard the story."

"Yes. But I deal in facts, never in theories. I wait and form my opinion after you have unsaathed the truth."

"Who can tell? I have got hold of some sort of theory to work from. Now, I hold that the young fellow, Melton, is innocent."

"You do. I had supposed you regarded everybody as being guilty until each proved himself innocent."

"Perhaps I should do that," Mr. Bryson said, with a good-natured laugh, "but there is quite a lot for me to learn yet. I ought not be holding any theory for one thing, but you'll be going away. This is a very small occurrence in the experience of a man who has traveled as I."

"You imagine that a traveling man runs upon murders at every stopping place?" The man laughed grimly.

"The world seems very full of crime," Mr. Bryson said.

"Your world. You seek it as a vulture seeks carrion. You are attracted to it. To me it seems a dreadful thing that this young girl should be lying dead on this bright Christmas Eve. Poor girl, it is for the better so, better so. She is safe!"

He stopped short, and what his manner had changed with the last sentence. The detective shot a quick glance at the dark face and then, his countenance also went over the hackneyed words:

"Yes, the world die young and they are better off. This is a world of trouble." Then with a short laugh, "It's uncommon hard on the fellow, Melton."

"Who is the man?" Mr. Judson was interested now.

They gather from his sister's rambling talk that it must have been the parson himself. Perhaps he quarreled for a woman's tastes; they usually take the most unlikely fellow. They say she sent Mr. Melton about his business last night—wouldn't have him at any price." The detective rambled on, unconscious that the cloud folded itself between his level brows and the heavy lids drooped lower over his lazy eyes. Judson's face was a study in shades of idle gossip and he looked stupid and entirely off his guard.

Mr. Judson had stopped at the mention of Mr. Strong, but went on almost instantly. It was a mere momentary pause, and the lazy detective took no note of it whatever. Mr. Judson's face was in shadow, his lips about the mouth lengthened slightly. There was no mistaking the faint, contemptuous smile, but Bryson was looking out to sea, so it made no difference.

Mr. Bryson smiled, too, but genially, as his manner was. His white teeth glistened as he opened his mouth in honest, schoolboy fashion. His jolly smile grew in its hearty proportions and ended in a short, jolly laugh.

"It's a time when money didn't work. Usually it does. Funny how a musty, mildewed parson is ahead of a rich young swell," he went on.

"But did he? Are you sure of that? I have heard that he was seen on the case, and he—there is the actress."

"Yes. Ever see her play? She's tip-top. I went to see her last night, but Madame Celeste had her part. Great disappointment. You've seen her, Weldon in some of her best roles, haven't you?"

The dark man smiled behind his white mustache. "Yes, I have seen the same fine acting."

A frown between the straight brows deepened and the lazy man pulled his hat down lower in front.

"Actors understand the business, sure. And in spite of a score or so of lovers they say she keeps a pretty fair name. I wonder what she was doing over here last night? Maybe her soul needed overhauling, poor thing, doubtless it is pitifully neglected with her body claiming so much of her time. But I should like to know why she came away out here in a cabin boat when the city is bristling with church spires and priests and parsons jostle each other at every corner. You see, I'm going to find out these things, and it isn't easy work."

"Not for you. I see that. Excuse me. My walk ends here." He turned sharply and went into the inn. Mr. Bryson sat down outside, beckoning a lounging fisherman to him.

"Mr. Stubbs, is that the man you saw last night?"

"It be, sir, the identical man, or one pine blank like him. I'll been sittin' up with the parson at Duncan's, an' he said to me, 'Stubbs,' says he, 'go home, an' to bed, ole man, for it's tired you are,' an' I says yes, an' if he didn't tell me I'd go. An' as I was passin' the church I seed a man, a tallish man in a long cloak, goin' t'wards the Rectory. I stopped in the shadow of them yupon bushes an' I plainly seed him go through the gate. I seed Miss Althea's light in the sittin' room window an' Miss Dorothy's further up, an' presently I seed a light in the kitchen an' concluded Susan won't done her night work, so I went on. I heard the train blow and I seed a man run up from t'wards the inn to the depot. I had to pass there, so I looked in an' I seed that same man git tickets for two an' the woman who was waitin' an' him went on the train."

"Was that the tallish man?"

"No, sir; didn't."

"Did you see the tall man's face?"

"Not rightly. It was dark. But passing one of the house-close to the walk he was in a strip of light, an' I got a notion of it. But I'm goin' mostly by the general look of the man, you know."

"Yes. Now, what do you suppose he wanted there? I have heard that Susan left early in order to be in time for a merrymaking at home. Miss Strong was alone after eight, and the servant girl arrived about ten. The Rector was later and soon left for the club supper that night. What could this man, a stranger, want at that time of night? Not shelter, certainly. You saw no more of him?"

"No more; my brother saw a man hang-

Sour Stomach

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ing about the church, but they often do that when anything's goin' on and people are out here."

"Yes. Did your brother notice what sort of man it was?"

"I reckon not. Bob ain't much for noticin'. I don't expect he'd remembered at all, but he seed somethin' sorter shinin' on the walk outside an' thinkin' it might be a breastpin or somethin' one of the young ladies had dropped, for they had done the meetin' an' was just gone, he was about to stoop to pick it up when the man got before him and took whatever it was. It warn't so dark, then. The storm hadn't fully riz, an' the stars was uncommon bright, an' the light on the corner helped a lot.

"I know. I should like to see Bob."

"Can't. He's fireman on the train. Bob don't take to the sea, nohow."

"All right. Did he think the man was a workman, or what?"

"He didn't say. I heard him tell Lindy that he'd been cheated out of her Christmas present, and he said he wished he'd a broke the man's long white fingers with his stick."

"Pity he didn't do it. Is that the dinner bell?"

"Yes, sir, folks hatter eat, you know, no matter what happens."

Mr. Bryson lounged in and gave himself up to the delights of the Christmas dinner. He smiled impartially upon each of the few guests, told funny stories, laughed good-naturedly at threadbare jokes, and with his half-shut, lazy eyes watched the cold and cynical Mr. Judson, who accomplished himself by a wall of polished reserve and ate as if he had been entirely alone.

In the afternoon Mr. Judson went to town in the one dusty little passenger car, and Mr. Bryson, with a sigh, threw himself up beside the grimy engineer and made himself too companionable to be sent away.

In the city Mr. Judson went to a quiet hotel and Mr. Bryson made friends with a quaint old woman at a peanut stand on the corner just opposite. He even went so far, after awhile when she had learned of her delight that she had known her eldest boy out west, as to put on a waiter's apron and pull a paper bag over his head and personally superintend the roasting of the fragrant nuts, greatly to the fat old woman's comfort and delight. Never were the nuts so good, never had she sold so many.

If the jolly man's lazy eyes turned often to the door of the quiet hotel, nobody noticed.

CHAPTER V.

"Arrested, Doctor Howard, a woman has been arrested for—for murdering—murder!"

Miss Althea was indeed an old woman now. All her self-assured reserve, all her strength was gone. She sat before her fire white and trembling.

"Yes, she is evidently guilty of the crime. I am sorry that the worry of it cannot be kept from you. Since that is impossible you should understand that Philip Melton has been Mrs. Melton's lover. He found a fairer, younger face and lifted her. This is her revenge. It is an old, old story of man's inconstancy and woman's jealousy combining to destroy."

"Does David believe that? It sounds a plausible story—one that the world will readily accept? Does David believe it?" She leaned eagerly forward.

"I cannot tell. He knows but one thing. The girl is gone from him. He is lost in grief."

"Do you think that he is suffering most because of that? He knows that it is well with the child. He understands the art of comforting others. Death is not to David what it is to you, Doctor Howard. You vid what it is to you, Doctor Howard. You fight it with every weapon. It is your enemy. To David it is an angel sent from the Father's house with an invitation to come. I shouldn't think he would be so disturbed about the manner in which the door was opened for the angel's entrance. Don't you think there must be something else?"

"I don't know. Philosophy, christianity, everything gives way before a loss like his. He loved her."

A spasm of pain crossed Miss Althea's white face. "Yes, I know," she said quickly. "It is so queer. I only knew that night when they stood just here. I saw it. Do you know I have not been the same since?"

"You were not well before. I had seen it. Any other woman would have been ill long ago. The breakdown was on its way, anyhow. You are better now."

"Very little, very little. There are times when I am dazed—just in my head. Between us, my mind is going."

He laughed, but his eyes were grave when he went home to his wife and baby.

Kitty was bustling about busily. Christmas week was half gone and she was going to town for the holiday visit home. "Going to town" used to mean just running over every day or two. But now it had become quite a journey and the taking it an event that turned her small household upside down.

"If I live I'll see that woman," she said. She whistle blew and the doctor put the baby in her lap.

"Don't forget and drop the baby into the river. Love to all the folks." He laughed, kissing her.

Slipping away from the home folks was no easy matter, but the determined little woman accomplished it, at the cost of a much regretted dinner.

"Peanuts? Oh, well, then, they'll do," she told herself, finding a kind word when the nut stand on the corner opposite the quiet hotel.

The quaint old lady dozed in the sun and the accommodating fellow who had known her boy out west measured out the crisp, hot peanuts.

Mrs. Howard, handing out her dime, looked frankly into the smiling face of the peanut vender. Then she glanced at his clothes.

Still smiling he said, respectfully: "You belong to the Cove, madam. I recollect seeing your face. Am I mistaken, or do I serve Mrs. Doctor Howard?"

"You are not mistaken. Thank you, the peanuts are fine." Mrs. Howard said, smiling in her friendly way. It was the pride of the Cove that the doctor's pretty wife never begrudged a kind word when the chance of speaking one fell to her.

Thank you, Mrs. Howard, I wish I dared risk leaving this place for fifteen minutes or so. You know all about the family at the factory and you could help me, I am sure. When I saw your face at the window I was looking up the affair out there."

Mrs. Howard leaned forward, eagerly.

"You are a detective?" she said, very low, as if she had accidentally stumbled upon the case or the people.

"Yes, madam," and he deftly tucked a card into the bag of hot peanuts. "If you would just walk on, ma'am, to the little park at the end of the street, I could join you in ten minutes. I'm not at all sure the actress is guilty. A little knowledge of things farther back may help me, please."

Mrs. Howard went on quietly enough, snapping the peanuts and marching them like schoolgirl. But her heart beat fast, her nerves tingled deliciously. This was an adventure that would set her romantic little soul delightfed itself in it.

Whatever would Ted say when she told him. Dear, quiet old Ted, who hoped he was not lonely down by the sea. She felt like an important character in a story. Indeed she became hungering and thirsting for even a crumb or a drop of it all! And here she was about to be interviewed by a detective. The audience chamber of an eastern potentate was an ordinary place compared with the quiet park at the end of the street. The breeze whispered among the tall pines and live-oaks. In many nooks violets were blooming. An olive somewhere filled the place with sweetness. The air was delicately crisp and fine.

Kitty Howard seated herself in the most romantic looking place she could find, spread her brown skirts effectively, gave her head an artistic tilt, her fluffy brown hair pat or curlo and then settled herself to the enjoyment of waiting and munching peanuts.

Presently someone, whistling blithely, came along the walk from which she was screened by a closely-clipped evergreen hedge. Her cheeks flushed and paled. An elderly man passing, smiled. Perhaps he had been waited for, long ago. It was easy to misunderstand, so young was she and so wholesomely glad.

"Why, you did wait," the genial face fairly beamed. "I didn't half expect you to, for it was hardly the proper thing, my asking you to. "But, really, I am quite expectant. Your pretty little wife is altogether as charming as—Doctor Howard's," laughing.

So you know the folks at the Rectory real well?" He smiled and bowed and sat down in respectful distance, near her.

"Yes, intimately. Dorothy was my friend, Mr. Strong my pastor, Miss Althea my—terror."

"She seems to be a very terrible old woman," he said.

"Oh, she is. Poor, starved, lonely old heart. You see, she wouldn't love Dorothy, not from the first, though the Lord must have hoped for that when he sent her. Miss Althea never wanted the child, but very little Dorothy cared about that. She grew up beside Mr. Strong—they were inseparable until Dorothy went away for a year to school. When she returned she had outgrown the old place, so—well, I guess Mr. Strong found a new one for her. Ted

"You are a detective?" she said.

thinks so. I had fancied the young man Melton and took it for granted the child loved him."

"Who is she? Where are her father and her mother?"

"Dead, I suppose. Miss Althea used to speak of Mr. Thorne as traveling in Africa, or at the north pole, or somewhere. Lately I have had the impression that he is dead. Really, we have known very little about that. She came before I was married. I'm beginning to be afraid that I can help you very little."

"How did the Reverend David Strong come to give up a commemorative work for him in the Cove, I wonder?"

"I don't know. I always have connected it with the coming of Dorothy. But I do not know."

While they were talking the elderly man passed each and when Mrs. Howard was leaving he came down the path and stopped to break a sprig of olive. When Mr. Bryson passed him he looked up from the lapel of his coat where he had fastened the flower.

He was an old man, hale and comfortable. His long upper lip was clean-shaven and a long, full gray beard flowed from chin and cheek over his breast.

"I heard you call me some," he said, in a kindly, cracked old voice, "and I've been waiting to ask if you can tell me where to find the owner to whom it belongs. My friend, the Reverend David Strong. If I mistake not, you spoke of him." The mild old eyes were raised questioningly.

Mr. Bryson smiled genially.

"My good friend, do you know Mr. Strong? Good preacher, they say."

"One of the best, one of the best, sir. But how well scandal like death loves a shining mark. I lost sight of the man and I was sore afraid he'd had his death blow, poor fellow. What a pretty woman and a city full of wagging tongues can do for a man the devil will find a hard job."

The old man brought his cane down with a rattling thump and glared fiercely at the happy Mr. Bryson, who inwardly patted himself proudly.

"That's so," he said, encouragingly.

"True as gospel, sir. Now, I was there, not of Mr. Strong's flock, it is true, but often have I sat under the sound of his voice and we were friends. He, a young man, and I, even then, beginning to be old. This interesting story will be finished in next week's Ledger.

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AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

George Manning's Strange Adventure---Elopement With an Unknown Bride---A Rescue Extraordinary.

By CLARA PARKER.

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Begun in No. 51, December 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

This done, and the bottle divided into four different sets, and ranged conveniently about me, my real work began. The first delay of bottles came as me in the form of powders. I dipped section number one of my meat supply in the milk jug before me, transferred the sheet of paper with its load of the powdery stuff as I could make hang on, being careful to take a fair samount from each bottle. In hopes that in some one of them lay the deadly drug I sought. It was remarkable how much I made that cold beef look like the delicious, tender meat it was not. I gathered it up gingerly, crept to the window, took accurate aim, and flung it straight at the chest of Dr. Boyce's assailant. They must have kept the brute half-starved, for with a plunge and a snap, he seemed to catch the prize which fell with a wet in the air. But nothing happened; his jaws walk reel on, and impatiently I rushed back to my ghastly work. This time it was liquids with which I had to deal, and my work was more to the point. Whether smelled? The house seemed reeking with my biting fumes when it was with streaming eyes I again sought the window and stood with my second prescription suspended from the window below. I only need to peer about in the darkness now in search of my victim's whereabouts. His animal expected me, and crouched directly beneath my window, where the light from the lamp I had thrown upon his gaunt frame, revealing him with his huge jaws distended; a pretty target for one who might at any moment be attacked for his own midnight lunch. Out went my second lot. I could see him plainly this time. He ran a few, his full length from the ground, with an appetite perfectly disheartening. Not even its horrid smell checked him, and down it went with a dreadful champing sound.

While completely discouraged, I turned again tot he table. What did Doctor A. keep in his chest, anyhow? Drugs doubtless plenty for the use of teething children? And yet who could tell? Perhaps my method might be bad. I might be doing up poisons and antidotes in the same bundle. This time I mixed powders and liquids with an impartial and liberal hand, but it was with only the faintest hope that I gathered up my third dose, and again thrust my head out the window. The dog was not there! Was not there, nor was he anywhere in sight, so him plainly. If that mass of moving snow and fur could be a dog. Faint, angry yelps rose from the howling heap, and my heart stood still. Then, suddenly, as I looked, the mass took on shape and rose and was nothing dependent on mere legs ever ran before, melting away into the darkness beyond, with a long low howl that made the stone-cold upin my fainting heart.

I was safe now. I all but cried, for that mournful howl must set even the cocks crowing upon their roosts. Then came the question, what might next take its place, or, once outside, who was to follow us in search of darkness and safety? I was not enough of caverns about, into which we might crawl and evade pursuit? Why we could run for it, and I might be able to evade pursuit, I had no time to consider, for I was already dressed and had thrown all about with evidences of my late battle in animal life. The disordered boxes which had been my stock in trade, the now lipless Hoskins; the uncorked medicine vials, all spoke loudly of one of my deadly ork, and I could but feel like some beast t prey creeping from its lair, as I stole ack into the house behind me.

This time my knock at the door of the ecord chamber was less guarded, for my erves were getting into a horrible state; it it was not so quickly answered, and I as growing alarmed, when it was thunde open, though very noiselessly, and Miss Brandon stood before me, not dressed r her flowing robes, but in a trim suit of ack, such as you might see a dozen of r day in a well dressed crowd, only they ould not all be so becoming to their owners as Over this she wore a short fur ket. Her hair was tucked away under a p to match, and there she stood, looking s warm, so fresh and inviting, that somew the memory of my bandages came back to me, filling me with such a sense f deformity and inferiority that I think y bearing took color from the morbid sentiment of the moment.

I know that I held my right eye with one and while I talked to her, and that my appearance as she looked at me, while bit my tongue to keep from crying aloud that I was not the hideous old dotard e so fondly dreamed me to be.

"Oh," she burst out in an excited whis- as soon as her eyes fell upon me, "I think of the funniest things. Now, tell me whatever you have done to that dreadful dog to make him go running about so, rattling things?"

"I guess that's him yelping?"

"I guess that's what dogs do. I was just afraid it woke everybody up, weren't you?"

I had been, indeed, and yet was. At that my moment I fancied I could hear some one moving, and bracing up my manhood, I spoke decidely in spite of those things about my jaw.

"We must go at once," I said, moving into the room with a cat-like tread.

"Will you be able to hang on to one end of a blanket while I lower you from the window?"

I dared not look at her while I made this cool proposal, for I fully expected her to turn pale and shrink back; besides the horrid suspicion haunted me that even should she consent, it would end in her completing my list of victims, and what with the doctor, Mrs. Hoskins and the dog I was stckened of blood.

To my amazement, she laughed—a delightful, gentle, little chuckle, which made me long more keenly than ever to bury the snuffy, old doctor and rise myself to fill his shoes.

"Oh, how perfectly killing it will be," she whispered, seeking for sympathy in the depths of my dull swollen eye. "See! The window is already for us. I was putting it up when I saw the dog."

Suddenly I was seized with the heart with fresh trouble. I had dragged a blanket from the large chair in which Mrs. Hoskins had been sitting, and was testing its strength as best I could, when it occurred to me that all my outdoor apparel was downstairs. I certainly could not venture out on such a night not knowing how long I might remain lodging about, without some sort of covering, yet I dared not go downstairs in search of mine.

"My cap and coat was the cry wrung from me in my distress. Instantly my companion grasped the situation with smiling composure.

"Are down stairs," she finished for me. "Of course we must them. I'll go for them, but there are some of Mrs. Hoskins' things here that will do, I'm afraid awfully big, you know," and before I could prevent her, she had dived into a closet close at hand, from which she emerged presently, triumphantly holding up to my view a large, red shaker plaid shawl and one of these many-colored woolen bags known as "tobeggan caps." It was the last straw to my overwrought nerves. To put them! I could have snatched them from her, flung them on the floor at her feet, and stamped upon them, but for the odd absurdity. And then, too, what awkward evidence as to my identity, monogramed handkerchief, or other fatal trifle might I not leave in the pockets of my abandoned coat!

Insulted, perplexed, and downright angry, I stood glaring from one to the other, I believed my annoyance a faint sound below put flight to all thought of more trifling discomforts. Miss Brandon was moving cautiously, whether towards us of from us, to seek or avoid, I knew not, but I decided me to haggle no longer over my appearance, good or bad. Literally snatching the horrid things from Miss Brandon, who was tranquilly kneading it into shape, I turned again about my ears, feeling a certain savage delight in the self-torture I inflicted.

"It will be worn anyway," murmured my companion, with a glance of kindly amusement, which I haughtily ignored.

"Come," I said briefly sching up the blanket. "We have not a second to lose," and I rushed madly through the window and flung out in advance the shawl which was to serve as my covering. Miss Brandon following me in a state of glee, I impolitely see, was pleased excitement.

The window was closed, the sash drawn to and as we stopped before it, she looked into my battle eye with a face of innocent expectation, "I shall not leave them alone, you know," she whispered, and with an almost motherly air, she drew me gingerly about her fur-clad waist, and the next instant she was sitting with her feet outside, holding tow-headed Hoskins' hands for the blanket. The morbid fear which possessed me that she was to make my fourth victim was not lessened by that moment in which I held in her in my arms, and as she grasped the belt with two small white hands and looked at me with a friendly nod, as that she was ready for the drop, I felt every particle of strength leave my body.

"Come back," I uttered, but she was over the side, and with desperate hands I clutched the blanket.

PART III.

It seemed so short. Had I miscalculated the height of the house? I dared not look down as I leaned far out, giving the full length of my arms to the clumsy contrivance. Suddenly it left me. I fell in. Had she fallen? My eyes seemed glazed as I turned them downward. There was a black heap upon the snow beneath. Was she living or dead?

But now again sounded that step below. It seemed nearer this time. It was coming upstairs, coming nearer, pausing on each step, as though someone had stopped to listen. It had a horrid sound in that gloomy house, and I seemed to see my fate gliding toward me, a white hand uplifted, to hush the very breath that he might hear. I had meant to do many things this time for which was passed. The closet door—I had meant to close it—and Mrs. Hoskins, but now the feet had reached the hall. With a warning hiss for my conspirator below, I gave the blanket one elbow and dropped, speculating even while I fell, on the probability of my dying, and should some part of me double up and strike wrong in my mad plunge.

The window was either higher than I had calculated, or I fell upon slanting ground, for I struck so solidly that I had the breath knocked out of me, and when my senses became clear again, I found that Miss Brandon had set me upright, and was dabbing at me with frozen snow, and setting my cap straight upon my head, with a freedom she would never have exercised had she not learned to regard me as a harmless married creature who could safely be tumbled about.

Thrusting aside the snow with no gentle hand, for her daughterly care was growing perfectly intolerable, I rose instantly upon my feet.

"Run," I whispered, and we ran, she like some spirited young deer in its first encounter with the hounds, and I—really after the way I spun along that night, I cannot see how she could suspect such a pair of ends as I showed to the old house behind us of having learned to potter about in carpet slippers.

Quick as our flight had been, it was begun none too soon, for by the time the darkness swallowed us, the whole house seemed suddenly to blaze up with hurrying lights, while a loud shout reached us and increased our pace. Suddenly, right in our path a man sprang up, waving his arms before us, as at a runaway horse. He may have been a harmless citizen. Possibly he was only startled at our sudden appearance, but as to that I shall never be certain, for I had no time to question him, nor reason with him. All that I could do was to knock him down, which I did with such brutal awkwardness he collapsed without a struggle, and my knuckles were badly grazed against the poor creature's skull.

"Dear me! I tot hoo hard!" I muttered, in which I took a little advice from Miss Brandon, and then we brought up against a stone wall, on a level with my head as to height, and jagged as broken glass.

"Oh, my gracious!" gasped Miss Brandon. "Whatever will we do—and say? Do you think the man is dead?"

"More than likely," I groaned, making a grim note of my fourth victim. "Can you jump, Miss Brandon?"

"Yes, yes, be in a hurry!" she whispered, and taking her waist in both hands, I gave her a mighty lift, which she seconded with a spring of her own, and was over the top of the wall, gazing anxiously down at me, as I judged her to be anxious by her voice.

"How will you ever make it?" she whispered, leaning down until I was in agony lest she should fall. "Dear me, your poor hands! Oh, oh!" in pitying horror, as I dug my way up the side, breathless and bloody, nearly losing my unsightly cap, and suffering the ignominy of having her again clap it upon my head.

"However do you keep so limber?" she murmured, admiringly, as, grasping my teeth at her friendly service, I sat for one second to catch my breath. "I hope you didn't kill that man, though. You must have hit him in the wrong place."

"I'm afraid I did," I stammered, guiltily. "We were running hard, you know."

"Yes, I know," she said, hastily and soothingly, and then, severely: "Coming on to you in the dark that way, how could he expect old bit rights?"

"We must ," I said. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, and _ have your shawl," she said, suddenly.

"My shawl!" At that moment I would have frozen to a brittle mass before I would have touched that thing. But I was still warm from running, so my manhood was not tempted. Down I went on the opposite side of the wall. At the same moment I saw the door burst open by some one, who rushed headlong at the yard. "Quick, quick!" I called to my companion, and without a question as to why, she dropped tranquility into my arms, a delicate shape, all warm and furry.

"Do you know which way to go?" I muttered, as I quickly released her.

I haven't the faintest idea." came the cheerful whisper, and then we were off running again, with more care of our strength, this time, and encouraged by lively expectations, that at any moment we might punctuate some snow drift and find that it was but the upper crust of a bottomless abyss. The main road we must not take, and could we find it, which but seemed anything but likely; and we plunged about, knee deep in snow. Blankness of fear took hold on me as I realized the dangers we were facing. "Who ever saw anything so hair-brained as this affair," I exclaimed, peevish with alarm for my companion; for myself, the gallows seemed so inevitable that I thought about it, but I. Yes, but it's the only thing that saves us, you know," tranquility returned to Miss Brandon, as I picked her out of a small ditch. "But what's that snuffling about so," and she shrank towards me in a way that shook my moral nature again to its very center.

It was the dog! A changed dog, indeed, with all its fury spent, and nothing much you could see about it, but that it was a draggled shape and tumbled fur; yet still

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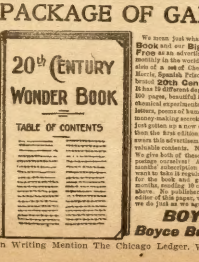

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dangerous to us If it was disposed to haunt our path, for who could tell at what moment it might break out into the melancholy baying which had before alarmed us.

"I must kill It," I muttered to myself, but Miss Brandon heard me, and hastily screamed.

"Oh, dear," she wailed. "What dreadful things we seem to be doing all of the time! First that man, and now the dog. It makes us seem like bloody-minded creatures."

"Run on a few steps, please! To that tree," I said, gently.

With a little shudder she obeyed me, putting her fingers in her ears as she ran, while I, pouncing like a huge bat upon her prey, soon put an merciful an end to him as possible considering my only weapon was my pocketknife.

Once dead, though, he must be hidden, and in great haste I tumbled snow on to my tweed. I plunged forward, and with two strides found myself stepping off into space. The distance was tremendous, and while I seemed to be steadily falling, gave me the impression of being infinite. But I firmly struck, fortunately on my earthly career, in a bed of snow, through which I rolled and tossed, finally finding up with a painful thump against something so solid that my airy, light-headed sensation of infinite space was immediately followed up in acute physical pain.

"Oh, are you fell, Ida," exclaimed someone close beside me. "How queer we should both do it! Really now we ought to be thanked! It might have been quite unpleasant."

Mine have been quite unpleasant. And there I sat, with every part of my clothing filled with melting snow and my head ringing. Finally, if she had been a plain woman—but here I belie myself. I have quite a reputation for veracity, and I think that I partially deserve it, for, after reading a wonderful novel, I asked her, in a strangled voice, if she were not a fairy in a way.

"Not the least bit in the world," she answered, carefully whipping at the back of my collar with her handkerchief. "My but you're full of snow, Jimmy, I should know. It is so funny, but I actually brought your shawl the whole way down here with me! You'd better put it on. It will warm us up. You may have strained yourself somehow, but they say if you keep warm you won't stiffen."

"That shawl make—it was too much—"

"Mine fashion?" I believe I kept springing to my feet; then I stopped abruptly, and taking her by the arm drew her as much as far as possible in the shelter of the rock against which I had grazed in my fall. "Hush, hush!" I whispered uselessly, for she had made no attempt to speak, and I pointed upwards as I crouched beside her. For lights were beginning to dot the gloom above us in many places, hurrying lights, held low and waving unsteadily, like so many burning eyeballs.

"They have tracked us," I groaned, for I heard in shout. "They've tracked us, and we must run again. But which way?" This thing seems to begin and end in snow.

"Oh, there's no great hurry," said my companion, coolly, with a little nod which I could see plainly as I gazed at her in the horror. "I shall get my breath first, and besides there is no use running, my collar which must be got out or I shall be in a dreadful condition."

"But Miss Brandon," I protested sternly, "they are close upon us. They—"

She gave a good-natured little laugh and could scarcely believe it, but she did. "How funny men are," she said, pleasantly, working at her collar, with success I knew, for bits of snow flew into my horror-stricken face as I leaned over her. "You don't you know that the fun of it is, they must take their time about getting here? They won't have fun if we run away at once, will we did. It wouldn't do, you know! One might hit wrong. You cause pretty near it."

It was perfectly true, and it made me seem painfully stupid to have to take such plain sense second-hand, and from a young girl at that. We could not get out, that was clear enough. It was equally clear, when I considered it, that they would not get down to us without returning to the house for ropes, or else—and the thought made me deliberately take such a leap in that pitchy darkness.

Oh, for some outlet. I was teeming with inspirations, but, alas, they were encased in clumsy flesh. A single thought proved to be the freshest of them, brought me to my feet, where a pair of sordid heels blew out the snow powder and dirt in a cloud in front back, with the end of my tongue well-nigh bitten through from the shock.

"Oh, do be careful!" wailed Miss Brandon, dragging at my shoulders to set me upright. Suffice I might say something beneath my breath which I shall not record. About what reached me in the fierce, excited shout. Had they found the spot where I had performed my clumsy execution of the dog? If so, murder or imprisonment was the inevitable conclusion, and they would be hot after the survivor. There must be no longer delay. Rivals or no rivals, we must do something before it was too late.

"Come, Miss Brandon," I said firmly, and taking her by the arm I lifted her to her feet, only for us both to lose our balance together! I go shuddering upon a newfound icey incline.

It was clear to me now where we were. We were adrift upon the frozen bed of one of those mountain streams about whose summer music my sister had discoursed in her letters home. I remembered well how she had made them "leap from rock to rock," hide themselves in granite caverns, "and then burst forth again all fierce and tortured from the struggle with them," all which had sounded well in the letter, but when it came to sliding down this icecland winding it, with a girl clinging to lady for your companion, a band of desperadoes scuring along the mountainside in search of you, no coat on your back, and the memory of two dead men and a dead dog behind you, making the thought of your probable ventures into the next world something to be avoided, if possible, I could have wished the "winding" and even the shade less Tantastic, and would have entirely omitted that "bounding from rock to rock" had choice been given me.

In the darkness I could not estimate the length of the slide, but my own method of reckoning made in mid-air, but that it was considerable seemed certain. The rabbit-duel sounds like men's voices even when, as I reasoned, they must be almost directly above us. Then, suddenly, we were saved by the heavy accumulation of snow on which we struck, but on which no one would dare to count in making a wanton leap, was proved to me beyond a doubt. In the light of our last leap it was madness to make fresh ventures. And yet it was an ignominous thought—that of sitting there until laddered down from above to be dug out and carried back. Had it been broad daylight, with nothing behind to drive us I now feel certain that I should never have left my soft nest in those snowbanks. Certainly I should have left behind Miss Brandon from here, but as it was, we went on, each hanging to the other, united with the off-hand indifference of a sleep-walker. I saw not, and yet I could walk. I heard not, and yet I could walk by instinct.

As for my companion, nothing could exceed her cheerful indifference to our surroundings, and although I knew perfectly well that she was merely showing off from her utter ignorance of all the common laws, rules and usages of civilized existence under her pretty feet, what was I to do? Death shrieked at her in every chill breath that blew upon my cheek, and she answered it

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

The Doctor (savagely)—From this time on I'll be a vivisector!

How It Looked.

"How does that look?" asked the window trimmer, who had just arranged thirty bottles of perfumery in an attractive display.

"That," said the floor walker, who was a natural born humorist, and could get off a joke without studying it up, "that looks like thirty cents."

Such Weather!

Bumsley—I got to the office fifteen minutes late this morning on account of the weather. The fog was so heavy I couldn't see my car.

Dumsley—What's that got to do with it?

Bumsley—Why, I mist it.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cases of disease in every form are on the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were cured quickly, some were cured instantly. The evidence on these points is simply indisputable and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public eye. Dr. C. C. Bohler and many conspicuous cures have startled the world. During the past 15 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. Many hundreds of surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that whatever you may dwell, and whatever be your bodily ailment, or whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report your case to me and no doubt, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hinderance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a COPY FREE. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage.

S. A. JEFFERSON, C. S. B., Room 21, Fairbanks Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"Miss Lightfoot's stockings are rather extensively clocked, eh, old man?"

"Um, yes! Extensively watched, too, I notice!"

A MODERN SAMPSON.

Mr. Hardacre—Wull! I'll be golderned, Almiry! Talk 'bout Samson! Jist look at thet 'ere small boy pushin' thet big, heavy buggy!

Success for Young Writers.

Many times a new writer's work in poetry or prose fails to be accepted by publishers for almost entirely technical reasons. The manuscript is returned and the writer is no wiser, though generally discouraged without cause. Many promising manuscripts are never printed, for this reason. The experience necessary to success comes frequently only after years of experience. This may be avoided, if your work has the necessary merit at the bottom by slight changes or suggestions as to changes. Writers that have had this trouble should address G. H. Larke, North Shore Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

Rocks and Rocks.

Mad with suspense, Foster St. Cyr fell upon his knees.

"I love you with a love as enduring as yonder rocks," he protested.

"My rocks?" protested Geraldine Van Buskirk, equivocally.

For the land, as far as the eye could see in all directions, was hers.

Not a Thing.

"My good man," said the clerical looking individual, "I trust you have taken the subject of your future welfare into consideration. Do you think that you are entitled to pass within the pearly gates?"

"Nothin'," replied Weary Walker, promptly, "we ain't never done nuthin', hev we, Dusty?"

A Female Sherlock Holmes.

Rev. Saintly (to wife, as congregation assembles)—Where is Mrs. Fashuns this morning? She is usually among the early comers.

Mrs. Saintly—She will be late today. I saw her buying a new hat last week.

A Sure Thing.

Millbank—My wife sent 50 cents yesterday to a man that advertised a way to make shirt waists last.

Banker—Well?

Millbank—She got a postal telling her to make the rest of her clothes first.

Man of His Word.

Physician—Why don't you settle that account I have against you? You said when I was treating you that you could never repay me for my efforts.

Mr. Broke—I meant it, doctor.

Ward Off the Bullets.

"War is safer than it used to be."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the biograph men and phonograph men want to be first in the field."

Way of a Woman

She—Then I got right mad and told him what I thought of him.

He—What did he say?

She—I don't remember.

He—That's queer. You ought to know what you think of him.

She—Oh, I know what I think of him now, but I do not remember what I thought of him just then.

Treacherous.

Mr. Broadstairs—I have 200 hens on my place.

Young Quigley (solemnly)—Well, you want to look out for them.

Mr. Broadstairs (astonished)—Look out for them! Why?

Young Quigley (still solemnly)—Because they are laying for you.

Legitimate Increase.

Census Taker—And is this is all there are in the house?

Chicago Householder—Well, you'd better put me down again. The folding bed doubled up on me last night.

A Correct Inference.

"Jagley never gets drunk oftener than once a month."

"Deuced inconvenient to be paid by the month, isn't it?"

Naughty Man.

She—You said before we were married that your income was $5,000 net.

He—You wrong me, my dear. I said $5,000 nit.

DOUBLY LIGHT.

Dr. Gravely—I understand your case thoroughly, and you should seek lighter employment.

Patient—Impossible, doctor!

Dr. Gravely—What is your business?

Patient—I'm the electrician up to the feather factory, sir.

Fatal Oversight.

"You call yourself a vaudeville comedian! Pooh!"

The stage manager sniffed contemptuously and continued:

"You did not spring the collapsible opera hat trick during your turn at all!"

Bowed with the weight of merited censure, the would-be comedian rushed from the theater.

Western Hieroglyphics.

"A Kansas man has carved himself a totem pole."

"What's a totem pole?"

"It's a tall wooden pole carved to illustrate the achievements of a family or tribe."

"What has he carved on his pole?"

"Pumpkins and ears of corn."

Her Desire.

Mabel—Did you hear of the fuss over Clara's engagement ring?

Belle—Nod wish I had a finger in it.

Auntie—What in de worl's de mattah wid yo, man? Bin gittin' chased fro a brian patch?

Uncle—Wuss an' dat, honey. Hit war all owin' to' man ignunce ob Squire Henry's movin' he's fillin' game cocks into an ordnary pullet coop.

Florida.

The Big Four Route is the only line from Chicago connecting in the Central Union Depot, Cincinnati, with the through sleeping cars for Asheville, Jacksonville and Tampa. The scenic line to Virginia Hot Springs and Washington, D. C. For maps, time cards, etc., address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., 234 Clark street, Chicago.

Another Theory Exploded.

Customer—I suppose this football craze hurts your business somewhat?

Barber—Quite the contrary. I make all kinds of money selling "hirsutine," my peerless hair tonic, warranted to grow football hair on a billiard ball in three weeks.

Free to Men.

"Dr. Greene's Private Lecture to Men" delivered before immense audiences in large cities and now published for the invigoration and strengthening of mankind. Sent by mail free. Write Dr. Greene, 35 W. 14th St., New York City, for a copy.

A Delicate Hint.

"My dear brother," said the prominent member to the pastor, "the congregation desires to present you this handsome watch as a token——"

It goes without saying that the pastor understood and cut his sermons down to less than an hour each.

The Way of the Schemer.

De Farque—If I could get some one to invest a thousand in that scheme of mine I could make some money.

Crawford—How much could you make?

De Paque—Why, a thousand.

A Reminiscence of Christmas.

How Bobby utilized his sister's golf stockings.

STORYETTES.

A Close Call.

The gray-haired stranger bent over the desk.

"Are you the society editor?" he questioned.

"I am the identical," said the flippant young man.

"Are you the person who wrote up the account of the Munn reception?"

"Yes. Anything wrong about it?"

"That's what I want to find out. Look here. You notice that in speaking of my daughter you use this paragraph: 'She swept about the room with an inherited grace that caught every eye.' Now, what was your purpose in writing that?"

"Why, it struck me as a first-class chance for a neat compliment of her esteemed parents; that's all."

"Sure you didn't mean to insinuate that her father laid the foundation of his fortune by selling brooms?"

"Certainly not."

"Because I did, you know."

"I didn't know it."

"Then that's all right. Good day."

WOMEN GET RICH AS WELL AS MEN.

How One Woman Makes $18.00 to $40.00 a Week.

Many women say it is hard to get along in the world because they do not have the chance to make money as men do. I disagree with them, for I am perfectly independent since starting in business a few months ago, and never make less than $18.00 a week, and often as much as $40.00. I am selling Baird's Non-Alcoholic Flavoring Powders, which are much superior and cheaper than the liquid extracts sold in stores. Before starting I wrote to Baird Mfg. Co., 15 Baird Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa., and obtained samples which we tried in cakes, candies, custards and ice cream at our church sociable. Everything was so delicious that I wrote to the agency at once, and had no trouble in establishing a regular trade with my neighbors, which only occupies the time I can spare from household duties. The manufacturers say they will employ any earnest person, man or woman, who can give all or part of their time, and I can say I never heard of such an easy way to make money.

MRS. M. L. B.

A Boer's Retort.

General Joubert, when he was in New York city a few years ago, met the priest of Nancy George, who, with modesty of his negotiations with the British at Majuba Hill, and his eyes sparkled as he recited his reply to the British commander-in-chief, "It dont not count with these," said the British general, pointing to the decorations on his breast, "to accede to your terms."

To which said Joubert, pointing to his riflemen: "And it does not comport with those to offer any others."

PERSONAL.—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, warm friends and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blank, Personal Correspondence Club, Box 182, Chicago, Ill.

The Same Two.

He—Dear, what have you to be thankful for?

She—What a question!

He—Tell me.

She—What have you got to be thankful for?

He—You know.

She—How should I know?

He—Well, I asked you first.

She—Look the other way and maybe I'll tell you!!

He—Well?

She—Are you sure you have anything you are very, very thankful for?

He—Dear, how can you ask that?

She—Well, what is it?

He—You were going to tell me.

She—It's—it's—oh, how silly you are!

He—Sweetheart, tell me.

She—You tell!

He—You know it's you.

She—Oh!

He—What's yours?

She—It's—it's you!

He—Darling!

AN UNSATISFIED LONGING.

Mrs. Justwed—Before we were married you said you would be willing to go through anything for me.

Mr. Justwed—So I am, dearest; but the way you hold on to your fortune is a caution.

Afraid of Him.

"Do you think congress will really unseat Roberts of Utah?" she asked.

"Certainly it will," he replied.

"It would be disgraceful if it wasn't done," she asserted.

"Disgraceful!!" he exclaimed. "It would be absolutely foolhardy."

"Foolhardy?" she asked, inquiringly.

"Certainly. They've got to unseat him as a mere matter of self-protection. When it came to controlling legislation what kind of a chance do you suppose the rest of them would have against a man who is resourceful enough to manage three wives?"

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 18 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, fancy initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you meet them. Send your name, age, address and town and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 111 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

Chivalry.

Kate Field used to take daily lessons in Latin from Walter Savage Landor when she was in Florence. One day at her entrance into the room his rugged expression invariably softened and he became what his pupil called "chivalry incarnate." One day he dropped his spectacles, and as she picked them up and handed them to him he exclaimed: "Oh, this is not the first time that you have caught my eyes."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Victim of a Strange Joke.

Two passengers on the New England on her last trip, one an American and the other an Englishman, did not exchange the farewell courtesies when the steamer reached her pier usual between voyagers who have occupied adjoining state rooms and hobnobbed during an ocean voyage. A plausible explanation was vouchsafed by the American.

During the voyage the Englishman persisted in fraternizing with the American in a most obtrusive and annoying manner. While in the days of Boston the Englishman one morning hunted up the American and found him in apparent despondency gazing seaward from the hurricane deck.

"Confounded blue this morning, old chap. What's the matter?" And the Britisher slapped his companion on the back.

"Matter enough," growled the American. "She's lost; captain don't know which way to steer. Forgot to wind the compass last night."

The Englishman listened with mouth agape, then rushed off to tell his friends of the consequential bishop. Evidently the gullible Britisher was "pushed along" for some time until he found everybody guying him.

Something Every Woman Wants.

"Woman's Own Book of Toilet Secrets," a wonderfully valuable book sent free to any lady reader of this paper. Write Dr. Greene, 33 W. 14th St., New York City, for a copy.

No Doctor.

"Deliver me from the unfavorable criticism of a child," said an old actor. "It hits the hardest.

"A year or two ago," he continued, "we were playing in a Cincinnati theater. I was cast for the part of a doctor. The business of one of the scenes required that I should come on the stage deeply absorbed in thought and smoking a cigarette.

"I had noticed a family party in one of the boxes nearest the stage. The youngest member of the party, a little boy, was completely wrapped up in the play. It was all real to him. As I came from the wings during the scene in question I passed within a few feet of the box in which he sat. He

Afraid to Ride a Bicycle?

Then you should use Dr. Miles' Nervine. It cures nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, dizziness, backache, nervous prostration, nervous debility, fits, nervousness after la grippe, and all nervous troubles. Sold by druggists on guarantee. Book on nervous diseases sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Rightly Named.

City Nephew—Is that what you call a penknife? It looks more like a machete.

Uncle Silas—Waal, it's the one I stick pigs with, an' I'd call it a penknife I don't know what it is.

de Choctaws they brought along two empires an' they gave such rank decisions fist we licked 'em both before de fort' innin's."

One test for distinguishing diamonds from glass and paste is to touch them with the tongue. The diamond feels much the colder.

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WANTED to bind dress shields at home. Steady work; distance no disadvantage; ask dealer to show you how. Korn Shield and Korn Klasp Hose Supporters. Korn Shield Co., 233 Broadway, New York.

Send 3c. for catalogue of work. The Korn Shield Co., Dept. S, 233 Broadway, N.Y.

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$100 A MONTH EASY GETTING NAMES AND OCCUPATIONS for catalogue and advertising matters. Write quick. Permanent agency cautioning 10 cts. for contract, blanks, etc. The Van't Gasse Publishing Co., Box 1200, Marion, Ohio.

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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you how; you can work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully. Remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write us now. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1067, BANGOR, MICH.

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All communications should be addressed to

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Chicago, Illinois.

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The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person visiting the office must report to the cashier before he can transact business. The Ledger will not be responsible for any money they have been appointed agents to set the time of expiration of their subscriptions, and we give notice that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of The Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

Andrew Carnegie's profits for the last year are said to be $22,000,000, but it isn't Mr. Carnegie who says it.

It may become expedient yet for Rudyard Kipling to raise a regiment and go to south Africa. He is partly responsible for this war.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is winning fame as an inventor. While working in the New York Central railroad yards the metropolis he discerned faults in the locomotive fire boxes and set about finding a way to improve them. His efforts led to the invention of a new fire box which has been used on a New York Central locomotive with success, and it will be used on some new locomotives which are in process of building for the road.

The new box is a radical change over the old style, as it is made in a circular instead of rectangular and requires no bolts or stays to keep it in place.

Mr. Vanderbilt's new invention is more to be proud of than would be the possession of all the Vanderbilt millions, a fact which the level-headed young mechanical engineer seems to realize.

The superintendent of the Kansas City schools complains that the dresses of some of the female teachers are too short at the bottom. The pastor of one of the Philadelphia churches protests that the dresses of some of the females of the flock are too short at the top. Thus the inclination in the human heart to find fault is exemplified at widely separate points of the country and at opposite ends of the person. But the justice of the complaint may well be doubted in both cases.

The grievance of the Kansas City school official was that a number of the teachers came to the schools in bicycle or golf skirts, and for the reason probably that there are no dressing rooms in the school houses, worked in them. "The superintendent imagined for some reason or another that they appeared in public when he at once issued an order forbidding them in the school rooms in future. The Philadelphia clergyman attended a social function, saw some of the women in evening gowns and imagined that they were improper and he denounced them from the pulpit.

Both gentlemen were gravely mistaken in their estimate of a conventional costume in one case and an unconventional but comfortable gown in the other. The school teachers did no harm by wearing bicycle skirts and the society folk committed no wrong in wearing decollete bodices, unless of course the Kansas City school teachers have spindle shanks and the Philadelphia ladies women bony necks.

A MAIDEN'S PERIL.

Story of Love's Sacrifice --- Temptations of a Beautiful Young Girl Who Died For Them.

By MARY BELLE BENNETT.

(Copyrighted, 1899.)

This story was begun in No. 50, December 9. Subscriptions may begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

Laura knew well enough what it meant, but she wisely remained silent on the subject. So he had come! And he would forgive! Ella would soon be out of her path!

"Well," she said, presently, "I don't see what harm he can do, though it is a mystery how he came here just at this time. But I know that I am tired to the bone and am positive that she will do so again. Take him up to see her, by all means."

"Never," cried Horton, hotly. "She shall never see him until she is my wife. I shall remain here until he is gone, and then I will goes back to the vicinity of Horton house we will go abroad."

By this time they were in Horton's private sitting room, and the excited man was walking angrily up and down the floor.

"He shall never see her," he again cried. "I will place a watchman at her door. I will announce to the people here that I have a mad woman in charge, and call in the aid of the police. I will have a guard of all the friends in the calendar did he find his way here?"

He hesitated a moment, and then said, springing toward the door:

"I understand! She telegraphed to him before I found her, but in that case, how should he find his way here? No, she must have found some means of writing to him in violation of the vigilance of the servants in this house. Yet, it is clear that she must have done so, and now there is but one thing for me to do."

Laura tried to stop him, but he darted away as the words left his lips. When, half an hour later, he returned, there was a pleased look on his face, which had been so angry and anxious before.

"I have checkmated his little game," he said. "Ella has been given another room, opening from a little hallway at the back of the house. The people of the house have their instructions, and a private detective is on watch, armed to the teeth, and footfall not attacked any moment by an insane woman. Think of it!"

Horton laughed coarsely at the idea thus presented, but Laura looked grave.

"You can't woo a maid by force," she said. "You are acting very unlike a lover."

"And I can't win a wife by supplying opportunities for meetings with her lover," was the reply. "I'll have them out all right. She shall marry me this night!"

As soon as she could get away Laura sought the girl's room, Horton having given her the number. There a surprise awaited her. Instead of being confronted with the arrival of Maurice, the girl sobbed and cried as if her heart were breaking.

"I can't see him," she said. "Help me away from this place."

Ah, how glad Laura would Laura have complied with the request. But she feared that any steps looking to the escape of the girl would be at once discovered by Horton, so she decided to trust to luck and to Maurice Andrews' love, and to await

in the deviltry going on. Take my word for it, sir, you shall hear from this."

The clerk fawned and pleaded, but the officer went away angry.

"Now, we're likely to have the house pulled any moment, or have our license revoked," grumbled the clerk. "I wish the crazy harlot had never entered the house."

This was too much for the impetuous lover. With one quick, powerful blow he laid the clerk on the floor at his feet.

"In the future," said the young man, "be careful how you speak of that lady."

The clerk mumbled out some apology and Maurice left the house, anxious to overtake and question the officer who had just gone out. He caught up with him at the first crossing.

"Yes," said the officer, as they walked along, "the girl evidently did the shooting! We shall soon find her!"

CHAPTER X.

AN OFFICER WITH A CONSCIENCE.

And so Ella found herself once more alone in the bustling city. It was not far from nine o'clock; the downtown district was quieter than when she had walked there during the day, and she trembled at every lurking shadow which crossed her path as she fled northward.

Now and then a pedestrian, hurrying happily home, or to some place of amusement, regarded with staring curiosity the richly dressed, handsome young girl panting through the streets without wrap or hat, her beautiful hair flying in the gentle evening breeze and looking like spun gold in the strong light of the electric lamps. Once, near Harmon court, she was roughly addressed by a couple of toughs who, however, only laughed loudly, discordantly, drunkenly when she changed her rapid walk into a run, and made no effort to pursue her.

At the corner of Wabash avenue and Congress street the poor girl was so bewildered by the rush and rattle of the elevated trains, the frantic haste with which people crowded and pushed each other up and down the iron stairways leading to the station above, so frightened at the noise, the glare, the strangeness of it all, that she turned aside into a narrow alley between Wabash avenue and State street and waited.

"If I stand here a few moments," she thought, "they will think I belong in some of these places of business, and will pay no attention to me. I must rest, and I must be away from that awful crowd, that terrible noise, for a moment."

Far away were the leafy walks and wide, sunny meadows of Horton farm! Far away the quiet hours, the happy, happy times of old!

As the frightened girl passed into the alley, she did not observe that one corner at its entrance was occupied by the bench, chair, and general outfit of a street bootblack; but when, half a dozen yards back from the pavement and its constant stream of pedestrians, she turned to face the thoroughfare again, the owner of the stand, who had been absent when she passed, was there at work with his brushes, and a number of his familiars were grouped about him.

Too timid to pass this collection of street urchins, Ella settled back in the shadow of a [illegible] ry goods box and [illegible] knowing that the stand was kept [illegible] the evening [illegible] ceased [illegible] the elevated road. Here she remained for a long time. Now and then some alley waif or stray drifted past her, seeking the obscurity of the dim nooks and corners beyond, or hastening to join the crowd in the street, but none seemed to observe the slim, shrinking figure half concealed by the box.

Had the girl carefully studied out and deliberately decided upon a line of conduct best suited to her immediate needs, it is doubtful if she could have chosen more wisely than in adopting the course her timidity had pointed out to her. For while she couched there, hidden in the obscure alley, all the streets of the city were being watched by the police, carefully watched and scrutinized for a handsome, richly [illegible] girl who was wandering [illegible] without hat or wrap, her loose hair flying in the wind! And this girl was wanted for the crime of murder!

Horton, too, was in hiding, for he understood that the police would soon secure a description of the man who had taken the girl to the hotel, and he knew well enough that he would be [illegible] sought for and sharply [illegible] overed, perhaps [illegible] placed under arrest. He had taken the girl to the hotel, therefore he would be likely to know all about her, her probable [illegible] and her [illegible] had engaged the private detective [illegible] [illegible] before [illegible] the secrets [illegible] he had entrusted to him. So [illegible] would reason Horton thought, and [illegible] he decided to leave the city for the present and proceed to Horton house, where he might remain unmolested until the excitement died out.

He was aware, of course, that Ella was believed to have fired the fatal shot, and he had no doubt that she would eventually be arrested and tried for her life. But that dread time was in the future, he thought, and he would have plenty of opportunity to arrange a cunning defence for her, as well as to provide an alibi for himself, in case it should be needed. This [illegible] that of the alibi, he believed might be arranged with the assistance of Laura Canton, who could easily be induced to testify that he was in his private sitting room with her at the time of the shooting and the escape. This would, in a measure, place him in the power of the girl, but he believed that she could be trusted.

He did not for a moment doubt that the liberal use of money would secure Ella's acquittal, and believed that his activity in the matter would do much to soften the girl's heart toward him. Maurice Andrews now appeared to be the only uncertain quantity before him, but he hoped by good management to estrange the lovers and so have his own way in the end. Thus the schemer, in his own mind, arranged things to his complete satisfaction, and was reasonably satisfied with the turn affairs had taken.

If only the detective had lived! If he could only forget that cry of agony, that piteous appeal for help! Ah! the stain of blood was damp and hot upon him, and he knew that, struggle as he might, occupy himself as he might, in busy street or private chamber, night and day, through all his coming life, the horror of that fatal moment would always be with him!

And Laura Canton, too, that eventful night, was planning her own future as she tossed upon a restless bed in a North division rooming house. As soon as she had learned of Horton's departure from the house where the crime had been committed she had at once taken a secret leave of the place. Her reason told her that Horton would return there no more, and her mind was now fixed intently on the problem of how to again place herself in communication with him.

She finally decided that the better way for her to accomplish this was to keep close track of the shooting affair in the columns of the daily newspapers, as she had no doubt that Horton would be discovered by the police and questioned, even interviewed by the reporters. She had in her selfish brain not one sympathetic or kindly thought for the poor girl who was then a fugitive from the officers of the law, friendless, homeless, alone in the streets of a great city at night.

Laura understood, of course, that Ella was suspected of killing the guard, that she would be brought to trial, and probably convicted, but she saw in this only the success of her plans to win the heart of John Horton. Indeed, it is not improbable that she would have slain the girl with her own dainty hand rather than lose that for which she had already risked so much.

And Ella—waiting, child-like, in the gloomy alley for the crowd to pass by—never knew that a murder had been committed, much less that she was accused of committing it! Her one thought was to get away from the crowded part of the city, into some residence thoroughfare, where she might state her needs frankly and secure shelter for the night. More than once she moved shrinkingly toward the street, but each time her courage failed and she crept back to her refuge.

After a time the noise of the street and the trains on the network of tracks overhead partly died out, and she could catch broken sentences from the loungers at the mouth of the alley. Presently a chorus of yells and coarse greetings announced the arrival of a personage of some little importance with the street arabs who had gathered about the bootblack.

"Hello, Jimmy," she heard a voice exclaim, "wot's de matter down to your place tonight?"

"Oh, dere's been a murder down dere," was the reply in a tone of voice apparently to convey the impression that such a little thing as a murder was of small importance at the place which the speaker honored with his services, "an' de cops is makin' demselves mighty frequent dere."

"A murder!" cried a dozen voices, "tell about it."

"Nothin' to tell," was the answer. "Feller brought a crazy gal dere an' left a fly cop to watch outside her room. She waits fer a chance an' plugs him, see? Den she ducks."

"Did she shoot?" asked a trembling voice, the owner being a very small newsboy, who joined with great timidity in the conversation of the hero of the hour.

"Course she shot," was the half-scorful reply, "But she was plumb crazy w'en she done it. De feller wot brought her to de house said her father was a crank, an' done killed a man an' wos hung for it."

A chorus of yells greeted the announcement. Surely, here was a horror to talk about and to dwell upon.

"W'ere's de girl?" asked a voice.

"Didn't I say she ducked?" was the impatient reply. "She ducked, bareheaded an' widout no cloak. Dat's wot she done, but de cops'll git her, all right. She's from de country, an' she'll stop to read de signs an' git nabbed."

After this bit of humor had been properly applauded, the boy, who was employed at the hotel where the murder had taken place, continued his narration, telling about the disappearance of all the people in any way connected with the girl—meaning Horton and Laura—from the hotel before they could be questioned by the police.

And Ella, her frightened face hidden behind her friendly shelter, heard every cruel word! She knew then the terrible, the almost hopeless condition in which her flight to the city had placed her. Her father a murderer! Horton had dared to say that! And yet—

Well, the poor child paused in her mental condemnation of the man to wonder if it might not all be true, if he had not told the truth regarding her parentage.

But that she should be accused of murder! The thought was too much for her already overwrought brain, and she sank back in a swoon.

A faint groan accompanied the involuntary fall, and the boys at the mouth of the alley heard it. One of the urchins proceeded to investigate, and soon came upon the prostrate figure of the girl, lying prone on the hard pavement of the alley.

"Say," he cried out, "here's a gal wot ain't got no hat ner no wrap, an' she's fainted, an' I t'ink she's de one de cops want, so you'd better git one right away. Gee, wot a lark!"

As the boy called out, loudly, for his companions were grouped at the mouth of the alley, half a dozen yards away, a short, heavy, red-faced man, neatly dressed in a business suit of gray, stopped, hesitatingly, near the little crowd and asked:

"What did Skinny say, Bob?"

"Hello, Mr. Burbanks," said the urchin addressed, for he was proud to know the officer's name and proud to have the officer call him by name. "I dunno 'zactly, but I guess he's found some one you want."

The detective, the same to whom Ella had appealed for help on the very day of her arrival in the city, well-known and a favorite among the newsboys of the North division, nodded to other members of the crowd and stepped toward the boy who had entered the alley, and who now called out that the girl he had found was a "peach," and that the boys had better come and see her before she died.

The surprise of the detective, as he gazed down upon the pale, terror-stricken, yet still beautiful face of the girl he was in search of, may well be imagined. He bent forward and laid his fingers upon her slender wrist, for so still were the rigid limbs, so silent the bloodless lips, that he feared that she was beyond human aid. As he did so a faint flutter came to the girl's [illegible] and her eyes opened.

Even at that time, in the dazed condition to which fright and physical weakness had reduced her, Ella recognized the man who bent over her. She had met but one kind face in all the city, and that was the face of the man who had directed her to the long rows of boarding and "rooming" houses on Washington boulevard.

A sudden hope came to the girl's heart as she saw the kindly face bending above her, then a terrible fear oppressed her. The story she had just listened to came back to her mind. She was accused of murder, and this man was an officer of the law! Was he there to remove her to prison? Without speaking Burbanks assisted Ella to her feet and, supporting her with his arm, directed her steps toward the street.

"Is dat de girl what killed de man?" demanded one of the boys.

Burbanks hesitated. The whole future of the helpless girl might depend upon his next word. His usually ruddy face was pale as he made reply.

"No," he said, "this not the girl, but I'll take her home. I know who she is and where she lives."

CHAPTER XI.

HORTON MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Reaching the walk, Officer Burbanks drew back with a puzzled look on his face. Now that he had found the girl for whom all the officers in Chicago were searching, he did not know what to do with her. Strange to say, this keen-eyed officer did not believe her guilty of the act with which she was so generally charged!

Dozens of times since the hour in which he had turned her helpless feet toward the West division of the city had her innocent, troubled face thrust itself before his fancy. Dozens of times had he blamed himself for sending her away alone that day, a stranger in the city, pretty, confiding, and penniless!

When the news of the crime at the hotel had reached the officers at Harrison street station, Burbanks had at once recognized from the description the girl now accused of murder as the one he had met and talked with on the street. He had studied over the enigma not a little in his subsequent walk about the city, and he had arrived at the conclusion that this innocent country girl was no more a murderess than was his own blooming girl whose age was not far from that of Ella.

He clung to this belief even when he had the girl in his custody. He had only to take her back to the station at Harrison street and leave the rest to the courts, it is true. But he knew what confinement meant to a girl as tender as she; knew how she would eat her heart out in her iron cage in the county prison! He knew what her associations would necessarily be during the long interval between the arrest and the final trial. He believed her to be innocent, he pitied her from the bottom of his honest heart. He refused to place her under arrest!

But what could he do with her? That was the question. If he left her at liberty to wander about the streets, some other officer, with less knowledge regarding the girl, and less conscientious, would be certain to arrest her. Therefore he must see her safely housed before leaving her. But where in all that city could he take her where she would not be suspected and finally recognized? There was but one place. That place was his own home on Park avenue! He decided to convey her there.

"I may lose my position," he thought, "but I can't help it. This child shall be protected until the truth is known about that killing. How would I feel were my pretty Rose in such trouble? No, she shall go home with me, but not in this plight. Here, Skinny," he added, turning to one of the boys, all of whom had been watching him with admiring eyes during his temporary indecision, "go down on State street and get some kind of a hat and shawl and be sure that there is a veil."

He handed the boy a banknote as he spoke and drew the girl back into the shadows. Ella was very pale, and her lips trembled as she lifted her eyes to the kindly face of the officer.

"I am innocent," she said, and her hand, placed timidly on the arm of the officer trembled too.

"So you recognize me?" said Burbanks, probably for want of something better to say.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "you are the officer who showed me the way to Washington boulevard. Have you come to take me to jail? How ever did you find me in that dark place? I must have fainted, I think, when I heard the boys telling about my being accused of killing a man. I didn't do it, sir, and I didn't know that any one was killed, and I really didn't go back there to hide from you. I was so frightened at the noise and the crowd that I wanted to run away from it."

"No," said the officer, "I am not going to take you to jail. I am going to take you to my own home, where I have a daughter about your age, only not so pretty as you. But she is a good girl, my Rose, if she does resemble her old father too closely to be beautiful."

"I am sure I shall love her if she is like you," said the girl.

"And now," continued the officer, motioning to the boys not to crowd too closely upon him, "I must talk very seriously with you before we take another step in this business. I don't believe you capable of committing murder, and I am genuinely sorry for you, so I want to help you. But in order to do so, I must have your fullest confidence and your solemn promise not to leave my house without my consent."

"I will do all you ask," said the girl.

"Because," went on the officer, "the time may come, though I hope and trust it never may, when it will be absolutely necessary for me to produce you at police headquarters. In that case it would be rather awkward [illegible] having assumed the responsibility of your being about when wanted, I should be unable to lay my hand on you."

"I understand," said the girl, simply. "And I am afraid you are getting yourself into trouble on my account."

"That all depends on your line of conduct," said the officer, with a smile. "I presume we shall get along very well together, and you must tell me all you know about that affair at the hotel, and we shall soon have your innocence acknowledged by the whole world."

The boy now made his appearance with a hat and shawl of the most gorgeous pattern, and handed them over to the officer with a grin.

"Where's the change?" asked Burbanks, with a smile.

"Hun," said the boy, "wot do youse t'ink such high-toned things can be bought fer down to old Isaac's? Ain't dey dandies. Wish I could wear dat hat to de cake walk. Just git on to de red poseys, an' de red ribbings."

The hat certainly was a sight to see, all covered with great red and yellow flowers and ribbons which had evidently been selected from stock and ordered arranged on the massive [illegible] hat which the color-loving boy had purchased at about double its value. One side of the brim drooped down, while the other reared itself aloft in true State street style. The shawl, too, was a thing of beauty from a State street standpoint, all red and yellow and fringed and smacking of the dyes of the shop.

A faint smile trembled on the lips of the young girl as she adjusted the articles in a hasty manner, and started away with the officer.

"Ain't she a stunner?" demanded Skinney, capering about the walk, his eyes following the retreating figures of the officer and his charge. "An' don' she look gay in dat rig? An' won't we have a feast, fer de cop forgot his change? Wasn't much left, but we'll cut a dash wid it all de same."

"Youse wouldn't know her in dat make-up," said another boy.

Half a block away the detective called a carriage and the couple vanished from the sight of the wondering urchins, who thought it odd that a detective should be buying things for a girl he had taken into custody, for none of them doubted that Ella would be conveyed straight to Harrison street, notwithstanding what Burbanks had said about taking her home. Perhaps it was odd that the detective should take an interest in the girl. But, then, he was an officer with a conscience, and he believed that he had failed in his duty to her at the time of their first meeting, and he thought her innocent, and, then, she was beautiful!

Oh, beauty of innocence and beauty of youth! When all the hard and cruel precepts of the law of society have had their say, how is it that you curl your tender lips and gain victories in spite of them all? The girl was beautiful and in distress, and her blue eyes were moist with tears, and her young lips, which looked like the lips of an angel, trembled with fear and maidenly modesty, and which of us, under the circumstances, would have hustled her off to an iron cell and a prison cot?

As the carriage disappeared around the corner of State street, a man who had been standing for a moment under the shadow of the elevated station slowly approached the group of boys. He was tall and slender, black of hair and brow and his eyes gleamed like the eyes of a maniac. Surely, the ways of the city have not agreed with the moods of John Horton! He looks ten years older than when he left the little home station in quest of Ella Horton, and there is a furtive air about him that is entirely unlike his old, brisk, fearless manner.

Now he glanced to the right, and now to the left. Now he turns about with a slight start and searches the street at his back. Can it be that he sees a foe in every blue uniform? Ah Cain! Cain! What a legacy was that which you hung about the neck of a toiling world?

For an instant the boys did not notice that a stranger stood among them, then the owner of the blacking stand advanced with his ringing cry:

"Shine, sir?"

Horton glanced warily up and down the street again and slowly took his seat in the boy's chair. He wanted to talk to the urchin and he could think of no better plan than to get his shoes "shined." But he was careful, as he sat there, to keep his face turned from the street.

"Who was the girl?" he asked after the boy was well into his work.

"Wot girl?" The boy was dense or pretended ignorance.

"Why, the one you just dressed up in that wonderful shawl and sent away in the carriage."

"Say," said the boy, resting the end of his brush on the chair bench and looking up into the face of his questioner, "wasn't dem t'ings de proper caper? Eh? I bought dem fer de cop, I did."

"Oh," was the startled reply, "so that was a policeman with her, was it? What has she been doing?"

Horton's foot, resting on the blacking iron trembled so that the boy held it with his hand. So Ella had, then, been arrested! His part in the tragedy might soon be known. He cursed himself for having delayed his departure from the city for a single night.

"Say," said the boy, "if you don't keep yer foot still I can't do a good job."

What fate had brought him, for the third time, upon the girl in the open street? He had recognized her before Burbanks had retreated into the shadows of the alleyway with her, and had overheard a word now and then of the talk of the boys while they stood watching the officer and the girl. There could be no doubt. It was Ella, and she was under arrest for a crime which he had committed!

"What is the officer's name?" Horton finally asked.

"Detective Burbanks," was the reply. "He said he was goin' to take her home, but I knows dem fly cops. He'll take her to de Harrison street station. Dat's wot he'll do."

Horton wrote down the name in his book.

"If she should not be registered at Harrison street," he thought, "I shall know where to find her, providing I can find where Detective Burbanks resides. All may not be lost."

This fascinating story of an unfortunate girl's dangers and struggles will be continued next week. Readers will find the Ledger's very liberal offer of free cameras on page thirteen.

Preserving Milk by Pressure.

At the West Virginia Agricultural experiment station at Morgantown, remarkable results have been obtained through the application of high pressures to milk enclosed in cylinders. The effect of the pressure is greatly to increase the length of time during which the milk can be preserved. The general conclusions from the experiments are that pressures from 30 up to 100 tons per square inch will postpone the souring of milk for twenty-four hours. Thirty tons' pressure continued for one hour generally delays the souring just about [illegible] four hours. A similar pressure continued for ten or twelve hours preserves the milk for from three to five days. Ninety tons' pressure for one hour postpones souring for four days.

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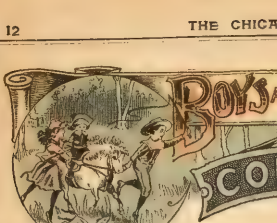

SECRETS OF A GRAVE.

The Story of Two Orphans and a Wicked Uncle's Plot---Revelations of an Indian Burying Ground.

By J. M. MERRILL,

Author of "Among the Counterfeiters" Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1899.)

Begun in No. 50, December 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured at news stands, from our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

ESCAPE AND DESPAIR.

Gale shared his sister's feelings with regard to their wicked uncle, and both agreed with it was their duty to keep away from him in the future, and at the same time seek counsel as to what ought to be done in the matter of Scoville's attempt upon the life of his nephew.

Neither of the young people suspected the part Adam Scoville had in the almost tragic fate of Delia. To them it seemed purely accidental, since Gale had heard about disorient among the Indians.

"Now, Gale, you must tell me all about Brant," said Delia. "I fear he is seriously injured, and we ought to do something to aid him."

"Just as soon as I can get a move on I'll look him up," said Gale. "He has been friendly to us and is a brave fellow. My head feels somewhat better, although it aches continually, thanks to kind Uncle Adam."

"You owe your life to this old man of the cave, Gale."

"True. He is, I think, mildly mad, but not at all dangerous. He has been very kind to me at all events. A mother could not have been more tender with a son than old Whitbower has been to me. He bathed my poor head, and bound it up in some kind of liniment that has helped it wonderfully. He saved your life as well, and on the whole we have reason to be more than grateful to the old hermit."

"Indeed we have, and yet he frightens me, he has such a queer look."

"Queer, yet used to that after a time."

The cave dweller came in while they were talking. He did not seem in the least surprised or vexed that the two had met.

"Brother and sister, eh?" he grunted when they had explained to him. "Well, it's sort of strange that you should meet after old Whitbower saved you both from the fiend at Hilltop."

"You don't imagine that Adam Scoville had anything to do with Delia's troubles, do you, Whitbower?" queried the boy.

"Just as like as anyway. He's doing wicked things continually I am told. But, sis, you must be hungry. If you'll come out to my cave I'll have food for your dinner."

Delia glanced inquiringly at her brother.

"Yes, go," he said. "Whitbower will not harm you, and you need to eat to keep your strength. It won't be safe for me to get sick at the same time, you know."

Delia followed the strange old man into the front room, where, on a stand, he had arranged quite a tempting repast, consisting of fruit, cake and meat. While the girl ate her lunch the old man of the cave sat apart and watched her with the keenest interest.

Delia saw the keen old eyes regarding her, and stirred uneasily in her chair. Despite the assurance of her brother and the good turn he had done them both, the girl feared the cave dweller. That he was not right in his head was plain to see. He muttered continually and seemed mentally excited over something.

After lunch Delia went back to her brother. They sat together till late into the night. Old Whitbower came at length and told them it was time to quit talking and go to sleep.

"If I don't have my usual sleep I'll be cussed than a bear," declared the man with a chilling laugh.

The brother and sister did not think it safe to cross the old fellow, so ceased from talk after that, but neither one slept very soundly during the night. Delia's clothing was damp, and so there was no chance of getting rest in that way. She was compelled to allow her clothes to dry on her person.

Early and late were early next the next morning. Gale was feeling much better, and said he believed he should be able to go with Delia to Milwaukee, and be protected in search of their friend, Brant Grayson.

"I am not sure about Brant's being in Milwaukee at all, however," declared Gale. "The whole thing may have come up by accident."

"That's what it was."

Whitbower suddenly appeared before the children, and it was plain that he had overheard the last recorded.

"What do you know about it, Whitbower?" asked Gale, quickly.

"I know that someone meant to kill you, Master Gale."

"True."

"And it was just as necessary for your sister to die as for you, was it not?"

"Necessary for her to die!" ejaculated Gale. "Do you mean—"

"I mean that you two chicks stand in somebody's way. Now, when I'm in some body, eh?" and the old man emitted a hollow laugh.

"It was my Uncle Adam who struck me down," said the boy "but why he should want me so much is more than I can understand."

"I can tell you why he hates you."

"Well?"

"You're the son of your father, that's why," and the speaker burst into a sinister laugh. Delia saw a sudden glint of fire in his eyes and a startled thrill shot over her.

Presently the cave dweller drew something bright from his pocket, and laid it on his knee, gently caressing it with one hand. Delia started when she saw that the object was a revolver.

"Now, my chicks," said Whitbower, patting the weapon by way of emphasis, "I could get a cool tousand, nay, ten thousand dollars, spot cash, if I'd leave your lifeless bodies in this cave and go and tell your uncle my errand. What, a temptation, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha."

The maniac gleam deepened in the old eyes, while a red scar on one temple, unnoticed till now by Delia, glowed with the blood. The girl grew pale in alarm. Even Gale began to tremble. Whitbower, without warning to either them, sprang up, and walked toward the cave entrance.

"Now, chicks," cried he, waving his hand towards a pile of furs that he heaped a variety of viands, "just help yourselves. You shan't go hungry while you are under my roof. Breakfasted. I am going away for a spell, but mind, don't either of you go outside for it would be dangerous. When I return I may have some news for you. If I use this," indicating his revolver, "don't think strange, for I've had provocation; yes, lots of it. Remember and keep inside till you see old Whit again."

The next instant he vanished, leaving two wondering young people behind.

"Strangest creature I ever saw," declared Gale.

"A dangerous man, Gale. Who knows what moment he may take it into his head to murder us? and the girl shuddered visibly.

"I don't think he will do that. He's not angry at us, you know. Besides he saved our lives," declared Gale.

"True, but that was a freak of insanity. He's just as likely to turn about and take the lives he saved."

"Never borrow trouble, sis," cried the boy, with an assumption of gayety. "Let's sit up and eat. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

The boy and girl had stomachs that even fear could not paralyze, and they were soon partaking of the food prepared for them by the mad cave dweller.

Delia scanned closely within the cave during the day. Meantime the girl explored every nook and corner of the place. She found, tucked in a crevice, a small morocco-covered book. This she brought to Gale, who, complaining of a pain in his head, was lying down within an inner room which was lit by a small lamp hung from above.

"See what I have found, Gale," cried Delia. "A book with Adam Scoville's name in it, as I live. How do you s'pose it got here?"

"Where did you find it?"

"In a box in the front room, hidden under a timber in the wall."

Gale sat up and asked to see the book. After opening and looking at it for a minute the lad uttered an ejaculation, and raised to his knees, his pallid cheeks glowing.

"You have found a prize, Delia," cried Gale. "Do you know, this is one of father's old time books."

"Papa's book! How strange!"

"I should say so. Go back to the box and see what more you can find."

"I don't know as we ought to abuse the confidence of Mr. Whitbower in this way, Gale," hesitated the girl.

"That's locking the barn after the horse is stolen," declared the boy. "You ought to have thought of that before. But we mustn't have scruples where father's memory and our rights are concerned. Our friend Whit being demented, isn't responsible for anything and—"

But Delia refused to hear no more. She hastened back to again examine the box. She found nothing more of importance, however. The brother and sister were puzzled to know how the daft old man of the woods came into possession of the book belonging to their father, and this gave them food for thought during the remainder of the day.

With night came a feeling of gloom for brother and sister.

"We can easily escape now," said Delia, confronting her brother in the dusk.

The cave man has not returned and he cannot find us in the dark; it is our only chance."

"You are right, Della. I am ready to go anywhere to get out of this place."

Boy and girl stole silently from the mouth of the wild man's cave, and entered the woods. Gale's spirits were somewhat dispelled by a rising moon.

On through the more open spaces of the wood the young people went, being guided by a murmuring brook, which Gale believed was the same that ran past and turned the big wheel of the mill at Brinkwater.

Half an hour was thus passed and Delia was congratulating herself on being safely away from the power of the mad forester, when Gale suddenly clutched her hand and with a low gasp, sank at her feet.

Bending down she touched the face of her brother and found it cold and clammy.

"Oh, dear, dear!" moaned the girl. "Gale is dead, and I have killed him!"

CHAPTER XI.

"THEN HE WILL DIE."

Dizzy and frightened Delia knelt at the side of her brother and chafed his cold hands. Was he dead or had he only fainted? The girl could not tell. She was quite overcome with a wildly beating heart.

At any rate Gale had stimulated his sister's side engaged in a frantic effort to revive him, to escape the sound of swift-turning wheels fell on her ear.

She sprang to her feet and beat her head with her hands. Some one was near at hand, thus disclosing the fact of a nearby road. Delia hastened quickly forward and reached the road just as the vehicle was passing—a light buggy—in which was seated a single person.

"Hello!" exclaimed the man in the buggy, in evident surprise at the new arrival. Another form burst from the bushes at the roadside.

"Oh, sir, can you aid me?" cried the girl in a voice of distress.

"My brother has fallen in a fit and may die unless he has help at once."

"Do you live in the village?" asked the man, reassured now that he saw the apparition to be only a girl.

"No, sir, at Hilltop, in the south part of the state. I am from Chadwick. Oh, my brother, and then I will tell you all about it."

The man reined aside, hitched his horse and followed Delia into the woods. In less than ten minutes they were at the side of Gale. The sound of wheels she and the miserable Gale were riding toward Brinkwater in the direction of Chadwick.

The doctor assured Delia that her brother was not dead, and declared that ether or chloroform would be able to arouse the fainting boy

It was a mile to the village, and during the ride Delia told her story to the Brinkwater physician, that gentleman appearing greatly interested.

"I was well acquainted with your father," said the doctor, "and I know of no reason your uncle quite well. There have been whisperings about the latter, and I am shocked to learn of his depravity. You need not fear Adam Scoville hereafter, Miss Delia. The property of John K. Darwell shall have a home with me until this whole business is sifted to the bottom."

Delia was grateful to find such a kind friend, and when, soon after reaching the doctor's office, Gale opened his eyes and spoke again, she was ready to cry with joy and thankfulness.

"I thought I could fix him all right," said the doctor, with a smile. "A good supper and a night's sleep will do both more good than medicine."

The doctor's wife was kindness itself to the young people, and they persuaded brother and sister felt that they were among friends at last.

Early the following morning, after a good night's sleep, Delia and Gale went out on the doctor's front porch to look on a rustic bench to talk over the situation.

"I am feeling much better," said the pale lad in reply to a question from his sister. "I don't see how I came to faint as I did. It was because of that rap I got on the head, I suppose."

"Certainly it was, and Doctor Chadwick says it is no wonder you wasn't killed."

"So you told him about that, Delia?"

"To be sure I did. He asked questions, and I answered truthfully."

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"But you didn't say anything about our uncle, Delia?"

"Yes, I did. Doctor Chadwick knows that Adam Scoville is a would-be murderer, and there's going to be an investigation. The doctor is very indignant."

"I am sorry you talked so much, Delia," said Gale.

"I don't see why you should be. I feel very kindly toward Uncle Adam after his wicked attempt upon your life. The doctor thinks he was connected with my accidental bath in the lake, too."

"There's somebody coming," said Gale, ignoring his sister's last words.

A tall young fellow was seen approaching from the direction of the village.

"Well, if that isn't our friend, Brant Grayson!" exclaimed Delia, springing to her feet, with a cry of delight.

"It's Brant all right," agreed Gale, "and he doesn't seem to be limping very bad on that broken leg of his either."

The meeting between Grayson and his young friends was an all-around surprise. Mutual explanations followed.

Grayson had been unsuccessfully searching for Gale up to the coming of night. Believing that Delia would be safe at Mother Babble's he had gone to his own home, where he spent the night, and early the next morning began again his search for Gale. Being unsuccessful, he made his way to Mother Babble's only to find that woman's home tenantless.

He then came on to Brinkwater," concluded Grayson, "and spent the night with the Woodstones. Early this morning I set out on a short cut across the woods to Mother Babble's, when, just outside the village, I spied a man lying insensible beside the path. A falling timber had either slain or stunned him, and I came discovered his villainy and will not be on his guard. I could see that Brant was disgusted, too, but he was as cool as ice."

The two reentered the house.

"You're wanted at the Woodstones, Doctor Chadwick," said Gale.

"What's the trouble there?" The boy explained.

"So the old forest wanderer is badly injured, eh?" uttered the doctor. "He's a queer old character, and harmless. I really hope he has not been fatally injured."

"Will you go over at once, doctor?" asked Gale.

"Certainly."

"May I go with you?"

"As you please."

"You see, Whitbower saved Delia and me from death, and I feel anxious about his welfare," explained the boy.

"Which is very natural, of course."

Delia remembered that it was to see Calvin Woodstone that she first set out for Brinkwater and she decided that it might be well enough for her to accompany the doctor and see her brother to the home of the wealthy retired landowner.

The house occupied by the Woodstones was in the best part of the village, a two-story painted building, with a veranda running the breadth of three sides.

Adam Scoville's carriage stood before the door and several men were bearing the form of an insensible man into the house. A man in broadcloth, with a high hat and cane, stood on the veranda giving orders.

"Take him into the front bed room," said this man, whom Delia judged to be Calvin Woodstone himself. "I know the old man and nothing is too good for him around here."

Doctor Chadwick followed immediately. Adam Scoville quitted his carriage and take the most lenient view.

He could do almost anything with the duke and his subordinates delighted to serve him. Buller's brief, terse minutes on official documents are still remembered. He had the knack of saying much in a few words, often with a strong dash of humor and more often with more than a dash of strong language. His famous reply to the principal medical officer in the Nile expedition has become historical. The doctor wrote to inquire what quantity of field hospital appurtenances would need to be sent forward. "That depends on the depth of fighting to be expected," replied Buller. The next question was: "Where will the chief battle be fought?" "That will depend upon the mahdi," says Buller. "What will be the number of the wounded?" "That, again, will depend on the mahdi."

Nor does Sir Redvers spare himself if he thinks he has done wrong. A newspaper correspondent went up to him during the great maneuvers of the last year and asked him if he wished anything particular said about the tussle in which the opposite side had the advantage. "I made a fool of myself," was Buller's unhesitating reply.

The Glass Cure.

The rule of most doctors never to be nonplussed must have been exceedingly difficult to follow in the case of the physician who figures in the following New York Tribune story:

A Pennsylvania doctor had an Irishwoman for a patient for many years. He pulled her through a lingering attack of typhoid fever, and of course took her temperature from time to time by having her hold a thermometer under her tongue.

When she had nearly recovered, he called one day, for a simple precaution and started homeward. About three miles from her house he was overtaken by her son on horseback.

"Mother is worse," said the boy; "come right back."

Back the doctor went.

"Doctor," said the old lady, reproachfully, as he entered the room, "why did ye not give me the jigger undher me tongue? That did me more gud than all the rest of ye trash!"

Envious.

Mrs. Hobbs—She possesses such a versatile mind.

Mrs. Nobb—How does it display itself?

Mrs. Hobbs—Why, for instance, when her plan out a gown, and give her husband the impression that she was listening to what he said, all at one and the same time.

An Eventful Night.

(Continued from page seven.)

Have you no respectable looking ropes?" I called fretfully, resolving to drop to even that, for the sake of security. But Mrs. Brown was at the bottom of an old feed box, and rose to the surface with such a disgraceful contrivance in the shape of a whip that I felt it would be madness to appeal to any sense of decency within her.

Cautiously I steered my beast up to the door and left him in charge of Mrs. Brown while I went inside for Miss Brandon. As I entered the house a clock struck two clatter-ing strokes. "And to think," I exclaimed, absently, "that I dined with Flo last night at six!"

The statement bore in upon me no impression of the truth after I had made it, but it startled Miss Brandon to hear me talking to myself, so I told her I had asked if she was feeling any stronger. It seemed human to retain her confidence in my sanity, my own faith in it was so badly shaken.

"And now you're off!" cried Mrs. Brown joyfully a few minutes later as I cracked the whip over the back of Cousin John's nag.

And as a matter of fact we were off even as she said it—three feet off the road straddling about with its foot through an ash barrel, and I off the seat with my toboggan cap off my head and filled to the brim with snow.

Both women screamed, of course. I picked myself up, seized the horse by the bit, forced him to kick himself loose from the barrel and then we really were off, with but one more brief delay while I pressed into the half-frozen fingers of Mrs. Brown a third bill sufficiently large to cover the loss of our outfit should it never return to her.

A third installment of this fascinating story will appear next week. The Ledger makes a special offer of free cameras and makes a special offer of free cameras to subscribers on page thirteen.

Embarrassing.

Mrs. Wiggles—Mrs. Bjohnson spoke of you when I met her yesterday.

Mrs. Wiggles—Did she? What did she say?

Mrs. Wiggles—Oh, if I had thought you would ask me that, I would never have said anything about it.

Age.

"How old is she?"

"She will be 27 her next six birthdays."

"Is this your book, Delia."

rectly here to see the doctor and get help.'

"Who is the man?" asked Gale.

"The crazy old fellow called Whitbower."

"Well, indeed! I guess I will go along with you," said Gale.

"But you're not strong enough to help carry the man," returned Grayson.

"Who's hurt, children?"

All turned to see a man walking from the street toward them. It was he that had spoken, and Gale turned pale on recognizing his uncle, Adam Scoville. The lumberman held out his hand to his nephew, at the same time nodding to Delia and smiling. The man's coolness was astonishing.

"I am glad to meet you again, my children," said Scoville, when no one vouchsafed a reply to his question. "We all thought you were killed in the woods on the night of the storm. Delia, Gale. You look pale, surely you were severely hurt."

"Yes," replied the boy, "I was badly hurt." Then he turned away, white to the lips, and quite unstrung.

"My carriage is near," said Scoville. "I will assist you in bringing the injured man to town, if you like."

"All right," returned Brant. "Tell the doctor to call at Cal Woodstones immediately." The words were addressed to Gale. The lumberman and Grayson departed in company. Brother and sister regarded each other intently. Gale was still pale and excited.

"Wasn't he cool?" said Delia.

"Oh, the villain!" ejaculated Gale, trembling with emotion.

"And to think that he is our uncle."

"He's only father's half-brother," said Gale. "I am thankful for that. He didn't act like one who had attempted to murder me only a few nights ago, did he?"

"——"

"I could scarcely contain myself while I was smiling and talking so smoothly, I felt like striking him in his face."

"Just as well you didn't, Gale," declared Delia. "He won't know that we have discovered his villainy and will not be on his guard. I could see that Brant was disgusted, too, but he was as cool as ice."

The two reentered the house.

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"THERE'S a woman at the bottom of it." How often, when some "good man goes wrong," you hear that calumnious whisper! But how rarely do men realize that when they succeed in life, when the family grows up in health and vigor, there's a woman at the bottom of it. The woman member of that famous athletic family, standing at the bottom of the human pyramid and supporting husband and children, is only a type of thousands of women who by brain and body uphold the husband and the home. Hardly anybody knows the work or worth of such a woman. Even her husband doesn't know the extent of his debt to her. She is a modest, self-sacrificing little woman. She hides the bruises and sores which she has gained in the struggle and strain of her life even from her husband. And this is the sort of woman who fades away in her prime, and leaves a husband and family rich and prosperous to awake too late to her worth and virtue.

It is useless to say to such a woman, "Stand from under. The load is too great for your strength. The load she has taken she will carry to the end. The best thing to say to her is, "If you can't diminish your burden you can increase your strength. Bring your strength up to the weight you have to carry." Thousands of women have heard that message with glad hearts. And thousands of women are alive to-day who had given up hope of living, but are restored to health and happiness by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It is not the ordinary wear and tear of life which breaks down the woman's health. It is the secret, subtle drains on her vitality, made by diseases of the delicate womanly organs, which at last bring collapse. The power of "Favorite Prescription" to heal and strengthen is primarily dependent on the fact that it heals womanly diseases, and strengthens the delicate womanly organs. It regulates the periods, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. Its use renders childbirth practically painless, and enables the mother to provide abundant nutrition for the nursing child.

A PRAYER UNANSWERED.

"I think if it were not for your 'Favorite Prescription' I would have been in my grave, and my little boy and my husband would have been alone," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner, of Egypt, Plymouth Co., Mass., Box 14. "Your medicine almost raised me from the dead. I had pain all over me, and such a dragging feeling it seemed I could not do my housework. I had to sit down to wash the dishes, even, and also to do some of my other work, too. In the year 1897, I was so sick I did not care to live, and prayed many times that God would take me. Then I thought of my little boy and my husband and thought it would be dreadful to go and leave them behind; so one day I was looking over my papers and found a little book in which I used to keep my husband's accounts. I read it, and thought I would write to Dr. Pierce. I sat down, as sad as ever, and wrote a few lines to him, and in a few days received an answer. I decided to try his medicines, and to-day I am a well woman. I have no headache, no pain at all. I used always to have headache previous to the monthly periods, and such pain that I would roll on the floor in agony. This sometimes would occur every two weeks, and I would be very weak afterward. I was in pain all over. My feet would slip from under me when I would try to go across the room, and I could not walk any distance without being in pain. Words cannot express what I suffered in two months. After I had taken one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I began to feel better. I took three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and three of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and was completely cured."

That is the kind of cure which follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It isn't a *half* cure. It is a perfect cure. It's a common testimony of those cured by this medicine, "*I am a well woman. I was in pain all over, but now have no pain at all.*"

If you are sick there is nothing better you can do than to follow Mrs. Gardner's example, when, in her helplessness, she wrote a few lines to Dr. Pierce. That few lines of correspondence has been the beginning of a new life to many a woman. Dr. Pierce invites sick women to consult him by letter absolutely *free*. He places at the service of every sick woman his wide experience in the treatment of woman's diseases, gathered in over thirty years of practice and in the treatment and cure of more than half a million sick women. To his own services he adds those of his staff of nearly a score of medical specialists, engaged every day in the treatment of diseases in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., of which well-known institution Dr. R. V. Pierce is chief consulting physician.

It is well to remember that while anyone can *offer* "medical advice," *only a physician can give it.* To seek *medical* advice of any man *or woman* who is not a physician is even more foolish than to employ your butcher as a dressmaker.

There is no other offer of free medical advice which can compare with this of Dr. Pierce, because there is no other offer which has behind it a great medical institution, and a staff of specialists, co-operating with a chief consulting physician of the recognized ability and wonderful success of Dr. Pierce.

"LOOKING FOR DEATH."

"I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' the best medicines in the world," writes Mrs. Amelia Daugherty, of Kerrigan, Wayne Co., Mo. "I gave birth to a baby last summer. After confinement I became very ill, had the best physician that could be got, and he diagnosed my case as uterine trouble, tending to dropsy. Medicine seemed to do me no good; I lingered between life and death for quite a while, every day growing weaker, until I could not walk across the room. My friends were looking for my death every minute. A friend wrote and told me about Dr. R. V. Pierce, and I at once wrote to him for medical advice. He replied immediately, giving me full instructions as to what to do. I at once followed his advice, and when I had taken his medicine about a week I felt a good deal stronger. When I had taken it about one month I felt as strong as I do to-day. I took four bottles of each kind and two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets.' Many thanks for the medicine. It has permanently cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can be used freely without the fear of acquiring some terrible drug habit, which frequently follows the use of certain medicines prepared for woman's use. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain opium, cocaine, chloral, *or any other narcotic.*

"AN EASY TIME."

"When I wrote to you in March, asking advice as to what to do for myself," says Mrs. Ella Reynolds, of Guffie, McLean Co., Ky. "I was expecting to be confined in June, and was sick all of the time. Had been sick for several months. Could not keep anything to stay in my stomach, not even water. Had miscarriage twice in six months, threatening all the time with this one. Had female weakness for several years. My hips, back and lower bowels hurt me all the time. Had numbness from my hips down. Had several hard cramping spells, and was not able to do any work at all. I received your answer in a few days, telling me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took three bottles, and before I had taken it a week I was better, and before I had taken it a month I was able to help do my work. On the twenty-seventh of May my baby was born, and I was only sick three hours, and had an easy time. The doctor said I got along nicely, and my husband said if it had not been for Dr. Pierce we would not have had this boy.

"We praise Dr. Pierce's medicine, for it has cured me. I am better now than I have been in thirteen years. I hope all that are afflicted will do as I have done and be cured."

Do not accept any substitute for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. There is no other "put-up" medicine for women so safe to use or so sure to cure. No substitute is ever offered except where dealers are eager to make the larger profit paid by less meritorious articles. Insist on "Favorite Prescription." Give it a fair trial and it will cure you, as it has cured ninety-eight per cent. of all who have used it.

A WOMAN'S IGNORANCE of her own nature and its needs is often to blame for a life of ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is full of wisdom for women. It is a complete guide to womanly health and happiness. This book, containing 1008 pages and bound in cloth, is sent FREE on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of mailing only. For paper binding send only 21 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE GOLDEN SKULL.

The Strange Story of the Rajah's Jewels---From India to America---An Entailed Curse.

By E. BURKE COLLINS.

Author of "A Modern Heathen," "A Gilded God," "The Silent Witness," Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1899.)

Begun in No. 47, November 18. Subscriptions can begin with that date, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RAJAH'S JEWELS.

"Richest Prizes paid for Diamonds."

"Wanted to purchase, diamonds cut or uncut. The very highest prices paid by the undersigned, agent for the New Holland Diamond Trade. Call or address

"SOLOMON VAN DORN,
"No. Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa."

This advertisement in all the daily papers, could not fail to catch Rex Davenport's eyes. Little did he dream that that was just the reason why he noticed it and why it interested. He looked thoughtful. Who knew but that here was a chance to get an agent for the blue diamonds in the golden skull? They must be disposed of—also the skull itself, if possible, it was very valuable. He had puzzled himself considerably upon the question of how to convert the latter into cash. The mere thought of creating a sensation by the strangeness of the setting which held the priceless gems. Suppose the Solomon Van Dorn were a diamond expert, and could easily see the genuine stones at the utmost. That would relieve him of one anxiety, at least. And as an agent for the New Holland Diamond Trade, of course he had plenty of money at command. He was certainly to be disposed to pay a large sum for the diamonds. And, perhaps, he might be induced to broach the subject to one or two of the most prominent capitalists of the city. Rex pondered. He had met with such looks of half suspicion—wholly wonderful, indeed—that he was confused and almost guilty.

"Why, one would think I had stolen the diamonds!" he said, impatiently. He began to foresee difficulties in connection with the scheme. Now, Marigold could reap no benefit from the diamonds themselves. He could not sell them, and but she did need money very much indeed. "I must contrive to get it some how or some way," Rex said, "and yet, I begin to see trouble in trying to sell anything of value which a woman has left with a white elephant upon his hands. Still, I believe, you have tempted to spite me, Mr. Solomon Van Dorn, and I will show you that I can give references. At least I will call and see him."

Accordingly at his earliest convenience, Rex Davenport drove to the address which was inscribed for Mr. Solomon Van Dorn. A modern house, standing in the midst of trees on a foreign-looking garden in the suburbs of the city. Rex thought it pretty, but wild. Even, for a moment, he was startled by the strangeness of the place.

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He would know whether he was wasting time or not. He would know whether he was wasting time or not. He would know whether he was wasting time or not.

ELECTRO MAGNETISM

Makes Manly Men—Queenly Women. Would you possess a healthy body, free from pain, a lasting joy, a clear complexion, a pure sweet breath, a firm and elastic step and sweet refreshing sleep, read our little book **"A MYSTERIOUS POWER,"** 19 And Learn the secrets of Electro-Magnetism. Sent free; write at once to THE DR. C. A. LANE ELECTRO-MED. CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BIG MONEY at Home, Making Mirrors, particulars for stamp. E. KASSARIEN, Decatur, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DIRECTIONS how to preserve fruit and keep them for 2 years, 10c. each. Address M. A. Hemmeke, Cape Gir, Mo

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FORTUNE LEARN TO MAKE Fortune. Lessons and Outfit, 10c. Agents wanted. Send to-day. Send to H. VALKINS, P. O. Sta. Boston, Mass

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Tape-Worm expelled alive; head guaranteed. 30 page pamphlet free. DR. BYRON FIELD & CO., 162 State St., Chicago

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PERFUMERY "Sweet Nadji" 25c., 200 cents old. Genuine cocoanut oil of the Egyptian Barons. Easily made. Send 25 cts. Fred Rich, Ft. Thomas, Ky

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

25,000 Fine Gold Plated COLLAR BUTTONS to GIVE AWAY to Men and Boys. Send to your address at once and get one free. W. D. ELLIS, Drawer 824, Chicago, Ill

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MARRY BEST PLAN OF SORGHUM-MAKING with opposite sex. Information free. STANDARD CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, Dept. B, Chicago, Ill

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WE BUY FARMER'S names at cents per each. We send you the papers 50c. eighteen-mail paper Farm News, one year for 10 farmers' names and 10 cents in coin or stamps. J.W. Brandon & Co., Springfield, Ohio

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SECRET SOCIETY The C. S. A. is the original 10 cent society. Send 10 cents for membership and receive by return mail a beautiful gilt pin, a sheet of paper with the ritual, and a letter of instructions. Address The Star, 224 Pearl St., New York.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Leather Gloves 69 Cents Three Hook, Dress Gloves, Tan, Brown, Black, Slate, Navy, Wine, Ox Blood, Silk-stitched, Warmest Fleece Glove Made. Gentlemen, don't forget this. Mail Mercantile Co. Dunkirk

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PARALYSIS Spermatozoa, Atrophy, consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Deafness, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Fits, Headache, Impotency, Kidney Disease, Lung Disease, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Skin Disease, Tumors, Ulcers, Varicocele, Weak Back, Weak Eyes, Weak Lungs, Weak Nerves, Weak Stomach, Worms, Wounds, Writers Cramp, Wry Neck, Yellow Skin, Youthful Errors, Zymotic Diseases, Zymotic Fevers, Zymotic Poisons, Zymotic Ulcers, Zymotic Wounds, Zymotic Writers Cramp, Zymotic Wry Neck, Zymotic Yellow Skin, Zymotic Youthful Errors, Zymotic Zymotic Diseases, Zymotic Zymotic Fevers, Zymotic Zymotic Poisons, Zymotic Zymotic Ulcers, Zymotic Zymotic Wounds, Zymotic Zymotic Writers Cramp, Zymotic Zymotic Wry Neck, Zymotic Zymotic Yellow Skin, Zymotic Zymotic Youthful Errors, Zymotic Zymotic Zymotic Diseases, Zymotic Zymotic Zymotic Fevers, Zymotic Zymotic Zymotic Poisons, Zymotic Zymotic Zymotic Ulcers, Zymotic Zymotic Zymotic Wounds, Zymotic Zymotic Zymotic Writers Cramp, Zymotic Zymotic 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